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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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YOUNG GIRL DIES IN FLAMES.

Sarah Hickey Meets Death Early Friday Morning.

TWO OTHERS SERIOUSLY BURNED.

The Remains Recovered and Buried Saturday Mrs. Conolly and Mrs. Hickey are Recovering.

The most serious fire ever known in this place occurred last Friday morning at East Smethport in which Sarah Hickey, aged eleven years, was burned to death and her mother, Mrs. James Hickey, and Mrs. Ellen Conolly, mother of Mrs. Hickey, were very seriously burned.

The fire started in a small two-story frame house belonging to Berg Stickles and was occupied by C. Winterquist and family on the first floor, while the second floor was occupied by Mrs Hickey, her mother and daughter. The fire originated from a defective flue and the building was entirely destroyed.

Just how little Miss Hickey happened to lose her life in the fire will probably never be known. There are many stories told as to how it happened but the one which seems most feasible is told by Mrs. Conolly and is substantially as follows:

They were awakened about 3:30 in the morning by the smell of smoke and when the bedroom door was opened it was found that the whole attic was in flames and burning debris was falling from the ceiling of the room through which they had to pass to reach the stairway leading to the ground floor.

Mrs. Conolly took her granddaughter by the arm and started for the stairway, while Mrs. Hickey, who was sleeping in another room and was cut off from the stairway by the flames, jumped from the window and opened the door for them. The debris was falling so fast that Mrs. Conolly was obliged to leave go of the child and use both arms to ward the burning missiles off herself and the little girl. She told her to follow me, supposed she was doing so until she reached a place of safety, when she found that in the excitement the little one had become separated from her. The mother and grandmother returned to the room where she had last been seen but could not find her and hoping that she had escaped without their seeing her they rushed out of the house after both were terribly burned.

It is supposed that Sarah became bewildered and ran back into the bedroom in search of her mother and was overcome by the smoke, for when her charred remains were found they laid among the ruins of that bedroom. The body was frightfully burned, only the trunk remaining intact. The head was entirely burned off; both arms off at the elbows, and both lower limbs were gone from the hips. The remains were placed in a casket and on Saturday at 2 p. m. were buried from the Catholic church at Sartwell, Rev. Father Donahue officiating.

Mrs. Hickey, who is about 28 years old, was frightfully burned and for two or three days it was thought that she could not recover, but now she is thought to be out of danger if complications do not set in. Her hair was entirely burned off and her head is a mass of blisters; her neck, back, face, arms and hands are badly burned and her throat is in such a condition that she cannot speak above a whisper and she cannot partake of any solid food.

Mrs. Conolly was not burned nearly as bad as her daughter, but her hair is entirely gone and her head, face, hands and arms are badly blistered and her mouth was slightly burned. Mrs. Conolly is a sister of Attorney Eugene Mullin of Bradford. She lost $50 in money in the fire, which had been given her at Christmas by her relatives.

All the household goods and clothing belonging to Mrs. Hickey were destroyed together with what money she had. The family living on the first floor saved nearly everything.

Stabbing Affray at Kane.

Arthur Snyder, who has been working in the Kane Flint Bottle factory, was stabbed by an Italian Friday afternoon. Snyder and the Italian had some trouble a few days previous to this and the Italian had threatened his life.

On Friday Snyder saw the Italian misusing a small boy and interfered, pulling his assailant off the boy. The dago jumped to his feet, pulled a knife and before Snyder could get away, he received a deep wound in the left breast near the heart. Had not the knife struck a rib Snyder would probably now be dead. Dr. Thos. L. Kane dressed the wound and he will recover.

The Italian who did the cowardly deed escaped and is still at large.

For an oyster stew or a cup of good coffee go to Petersons' restaurant.

Special discount on all I. C. S. scholarships while our display is here.

Use the Redfield mantle.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Everybody who "lived, breathed and had their being" Monday morning will agree with us that it was Greenlandish. On that eventful morning we arose with the lark and sallied forth to feed our pig. We found the little fellow dancing around the pen like a wild Arab to keep from freezing. From the looks of his sleeping apartment he had been thus employed all night, and not being a consumptive he did not appear to enjoy the "bracing air" of that delightfully cool morning. We gave him his swill, but he had no sooner put his nose into it than it froze and held the disconsolate porker fast. We ran to the house and procured a pail of hot water to relieve his pigship from his uncomfortable position, but before we could get back, the water froze and burst the pail. Surprised at this we looked at the thermometer and saw that the mercury, after getting down to 375 degrees below zero, had frozen and burst the tube. While milking icicles formed on our whiskers down to the floor and as we arose, such was the strength of the ice, they all pulled out by the roots and left us whiskerless. We had, regardless of expense, lavished two quarts of dye upon them, but now moustache, paint, ink, dye and all were gone frozen into one shapeless mass. Irritated beyond control by their unnatural appearance, we gave them a kick, but unfortunately the heel of our boot became disengaged from the rest, struck and broke off the cow's horn, which froze before it reached the floor. At breakfast we had to keep a red hot iron in our coffee to keep it from freezing and occasionally swab out our throat with it. But we should not mind the cold weather if it had not brought on a severe attack of rheumatism, which will totally disqualify us from enjoying the privileges of the draft.

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Never, perhaps, has the country at large been visited with such destructive floods as took place on March 17, 18, 19 and 20, 1865. It was not confined to any section of country, but nearly every State suffered to the extent of millions. In Pennsylvania the loss has been immense. Men in the lumber business have been the principal losers, a winter's labor not unfrequently being swept away in an hour. Pittsburg, Harrisburg and in fact every city, town and village situated on the innumerable streams in this State have suffered more or less. At Oil City forty thousand barrels of oil and fifty thousand empty barrels floated off, together with other property to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars. At Williamsport six million feet of lumber in logs was swept away in a mass. At Rochester, N. Y., the damage was immense, a large portion of the business part of the city was submerged, the water being from four to seven feet deep in the principal streets. The New York Central railroad bridge and the long bridge over the Genesee Valley road were swept away. At Portville the merciless flood made a clean sweep, the waters rising six inches over the counters of J. H. Dusenbury's store. The Warren Ledger says that the water was three feet higher in the Allegany than ever before since the settlement of the county. At this place the damage is comparatively light. The boom gave way at Bush's mill, causing the loss of a few logs, but no wholesale loss of property as was the case in neighboring towns.

The road between here and Olean is in a horrible condition, or rather no condition at all, the flood having about obliterated it. Logs, stumps, tree tops, rails, lumber, chicken coops, hog pens and outhouses have resolved themselves into squatter sovereigns and "settled" where the road used to be. Bridges are gone and in some places huge masses of earth washed out. "Jordan is a hard road to travel," no doubt, but the road between here and Olean is a harder one.

P. T. Goodwin has sold his Goodwin House property to Henry F. Williams of this place for $10,000.

Following is the amount of county tax levied on the several townships of McKean county for the year 1865. The levy is 8 mills on the dollar valuation:

	Seated.	Unseated.
Annin Township	$189.49	$ 91.69
Bradford "	783.44	345.41
Ceres "	207.67	70.10
Corydon "	165.87	350.53
Eldred "	228.66	102.05
Hamlin "	98.36	347.80
Hamilton "	80.23	209.07
Keating "	425.50	281.93
Lafayette "	148.49	510.42
Liberty "	225.04	812.45
Norwich "	110.87	494.18
Otto "	48.80	156.06
Sergeant "	76.50	429.98
Smethport Boro	136.58	1.20
Wetmore Township	21.88	254.80

THE JUDGE APPOINTED

To Fill Vacancy Made by Judge Morrison's Resignation.

JOS. W. BOUTON THE LUCKY MAN.

His Appointment Gives General Satisfaction—Brief Review of Mr. Bouton's Career.

Governor Stone's commission appointing Joseph W. Bouton President Judge of the 48th Judicial District of Pennsylvania to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Hon. Thomas A. Morrison, was received by Mr. Bouton in Smethport last Friday afternoon. In the afternoon Prothonotary George W. Mitchell administered the oath of office to Mr. Bouton and since that time Judge Bouton has received many congratulations from all parts of the county.

This appointment is for one year and this fall a judge will be elected for the term of ten years. Judge Bouton is an able, studious, conscientious and popular lawyer and his host of friends do not entertain a doubt that he will be nominated and elected to succeed himself this fall.

Hon. Joseph W. Bouton was born in Portville, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., on Nov. 20th, 1856, and received his education in the common schools of that county. In 1877 he came to Smethport and for five years he acted as deputy clerk of courts and recorder of deeds of McKean county and during this time read law with Hon. Thomas A. Morrison. He then went to Port Allegany where he resided for two years, after which he returned to Smethport and in 1885 was admitted to the bar. He began the practice of law in Smethport and in October, 1887, became associated in practice with John N. Apple, under the firm name of Apple & Bouton. In 1890 he was elected district attorney of McKean county and during his term of three years in that capacity made a very enviable reputation for himself as a criminal lawyer. He opened a law office in the Hamlin bank building, and six years ago became associated with Fred D. Gallup, under the firm name of Bouton & Gallup, and these gentlemen have by hard work and close attention to business built up a very lucrative practice.

New County Officials.

The new court house officials were duly installed in their respective offices on Monday and the machinery of the county administration is moving along as smoothly as of yore.

In the county commissioners' office Messrs. Griffiths, Peterson and Walsh, quietly and unostentatiously, are transacting the county business falling to their lot as if to the manor born. As it is impossible to please everyone in the matter of making appointments, there is a little dissatisfaction expressed in regard to certain of their selections, but no one doubts that they will prove a safe and efficient trio in the handling of county affairs.

Across the hall we find Prothonotary Samuel E. Bell and his affable deputy, Clerk of Courts W. H. Morrison, occupying an office fitted out with elegant new furniture and perfectly at home in attending to their new duties. These two offices are in most competent hands.

Recorder H. M. Choate will be found in the office in which he has so long and so faithfully served the people of McKean county. That he will in the future continue to serve them with the same degree of competency that has characterized his every official act in the past is a certainty.

Register of Wills J. B. Eastman occupies the old sheriff's office. His eminent ability and thorough understanding of the duties he will be called upon to perform leave the fact that he will prove a most satisfactory official unquestioned.

Sheriff Charles E. Mays and his handsome deputy, ex-Sheriff W. B. Clarke, are located in what was formerly the district attorney's office. In the hands of two such capable men the business of that office can be but properly executed. We predict for Mr. Mays that he will prove one of the most popular and thoroughly efficient officials the county has ever had.

Notice to Parents.

On Monday morning, January 12th, a new beginner's class will be organized in the First Grade of the borough schools. Any child who is now of school age, or will reach the age of five before May 1st, will be admitted to this class. Pupils must be present not later than next Tuesday, in order to be admitted, and all children not provided with satisfactory vaccination certificates will be refused.

Notice is given that this variation from the usual rule of admission is for the present year only, as a matter of convenience, and is in no way to be taken as a precedent for the future.

H. H. Foster,
Principal Public Schools.

Ladies' day at the Turkish Bath parlors in two weeks. Mrs. Peterson will be in charge. Watch for small handbills.

Bowling Match

An exciting bowling match took place on the athletic club alleys last evening. The contestants were the North Ends and South Ends, teams composed of cutters at the Smethport glass factory, captained respectively by Geo. Michels and Jake Moore. The South Ends won two of the three games played and were nine pins to the good in the totals. A mistake in footing made the second game appear a tie and on the roll-off the North Ends secured one more pin than their opponents, which had it been correct would have given them the match by two pins.

The correct score follows, by which it will be seen that no records were broken:

North Ends.	1st	2d	3d	Ave.
Michels	69	108	111	96
Grant	81	103	86	90
Cheeseman	48	73	78	66⅓
Malcolm	122	96	104	107⅓
Johnson	149	143	181	157⅔
	469	526	557	
South End	1st	2d	3d	Ave.
J. Moore	54	73	68	65
McFall	45	81	125	83⅔
R. Moore	112	157	132	133⅔
S. Moore	149	106	140	131⅔
Hay	104	111	96	103⅔
	461	526	561	

Bad Fire at Crosby.

At an early hour Sunday morning fire destroyed the house of Swanson brothers at Crosby, and Mrs. John Swanson, their mother, was seriously burned.

The occupants of the house were awakened and escaped from the burning building, but Mrs. Nelson, wishing to save some of her belongings, went back into the house. As she opened the door the flames enveloped her and being afire she sought refuge beneath the bed clothing. Her son missed her and breaking his way through a window bore her from the house to a place of safety. Mrs. Nelson was severely burned about the face and hands. Dr. J. C. Brown of this place was summoned and did all in his power to alleviate her intense suffering. At this writing her condition is serious and but little hopes are entertained for her recovery.

The origin of the fire is supposed to have been caused by rats carrying matches into the attic. The fire had gained such rapid headway that nothing could be saved, consequently Messrs. Swanson were heavy losers. The loss is estimated at $1,000, with no insurance.

Editor Laymon Explains.

In the last issue of the Port Allegany Reporter Editor Laymon modifies his utterances in a former issue in regard to woman's honor and it is with pleasure we copy the following extract from his editorial on that topic:

It is true that there are isolated and infrequent cases where woman's honor has been assailed and has been righteously protected even to the death of the assailant. But it is nevertheless true that in the great majority of cases where the life of a man has been taken in the protection of honor such honor has been worn on the sleeve and some sort of invitation has been extended for the theft of it. No man has greater respect for woman's chastity than the editor of this paper, but at the same time he has only pity for those fellows who have made the fatal mistake of assuming that they had been selected to make the theft.

Threatened to Kill Mills.

William H. Frailer, a glassworker who has been employed in Smethport factories, is in jail on a surety of the peace warrant.

Frailer engaged in a fight last Friday night with Joseph Mills and came out second best. Then, it is alleged, Frailer drew a knife and threatened to kill Mills. He followed him about town flourishing the knife and continually threatening to have his life.

Mills procured a warrant for Frailer's arrest Friday morning, and he was given a hearing before Justice Knapp. Frailer was held in the sum of $300 bail for his appearance at court. He was before the court about a year ago, charged with shooting a man at Kane.

Woman Commits Suicide.

Mrs. Mary Bisciglia, an Italian woman residing with her husband and children at Port Allegany, committed suicide at 10 o'clock yesterday morning by shooting herself in the head with a 38-calibre revolver, the bullet entering the skull through the right ear, says the Bradford Era this morning. No cause is known for the rash act, other than that the woman was temporarily insane, the result of suffering from physical ailments which recently necessitated an operation in the Olean hospital. The deceased is survived by her husband, an employe at the Port Allegany tannery, and three small children, a girl aged 6 years, and two boys, aged 8 and 4 years respectively.

Special discount on all I. C. S. scholarships while our display is here.

Horse blankets and robes. Low prices. Holmes & Gilfillan.

See the I. C. S. display in Wm. Monheimer's window.

MRS. BURDICK HELD ON BAIL

For the Killing of James Ryan at Olivedale on Dec. 23rd.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S STORY.

Judge Bouton Places the Bail at $2,000 The Case Will Come Up Feb. 23d.

Mrs. Edward Burdick, who shot and killed James Ryan at her home in Olivedale on Dec. 23d, was given a hearing before Alderman Osborne in Bradford last Saturday morning on the charge of murder and was held for court to await the action of the grand jury.

Owing to the circumstances, which apparently justify Mrs. Burdick's action, proceedings of habeas corpus were brought before Judge Bouton at the court house Monday afternoon. After hearing a couple of witnesses the judge decided to admit Mrs. Burdick to bail for her appearance at the next regular term of court and placed the amount at $2,000. Harry Gaffney, employer of her husband, became her surety and will assist Mr. Burdick in defending his wife.

Mrs. Burdick is a young woman of pleasing appearance, who is highly respected in Olivedale. She is small in stature, weighing less than 100 pounds. She gives her age as 25 years and has been married about two years. Those who are best acquainted with her believe she was perfectly justified in the shooting and are confident that she will be acquitted.

Mrs. Burdick has been under arrest since last Thursday but has not been placed in custody, the officers considering it safe to allow her liberty on her own recognizance until she was admitted to bail. From the Bradford Star we take her story of the tragedy as told to a reporter.

In talking of the tragedy she stated that she did not regret having committed the deed which ended John Ryan's life. Under any other circumstances, however trying, she would have hesitated to take human life, she says, but as he showed himself a brute, rather than a human being. Mrs. Burdick believes that she was justified in her act.

Mrs. Burdick tells a straightforward story. She said that Ryan had boarded at her home in Olivedale for about three weeks before the tragedy. Up to the day of the shooting he had always behaved himself well and had never annoyed her. On that day, though, he had been drinking heavily, but at first was quiet in his actions. She was alone in the house with him, but had no fear.

While engaged in her household duties Mrs. Burdick had occasion to step to the side door and found it locked. As she turned around to go to the kitchen door, the only other means of exit from the dwelling, she was confronted by Ryan, who then made known to her his designs. Mrs. Burdick saw that her only chance for escape was to try and reach the kitchen door and if it was unlocked to leave the house. Ryan thwarted her in this by seizing her wrists and holding her while he took up a position between her and the kitchen door. Mrs. Burdick saw that this means of escape was cut off and by a supreme efforts she wrested herself from his grasp and rushed up stairs to her room. This could be locked by a key from the inside, and she hoped to get in there and lock the door before Ryan could reach the top of the stairs. Meanwhile she had screamed for help, but as there are no near neighbors to the Burdick residence, she had little hope of being heard.

Mrs. Burdick reached her room and was just about to close the door when Ryan reached it and foiled her attempt. A shotgun was standing behind the door and Mrs. Burdick seized this, hoping that she could frighten the man with it. Ryan weighed almost 200 pounds and his strength was as a giant compared to that of Mrs. Burdick and she could not retain her hold of the weapon when he attempted to take it from her. In a minute he had overpowered her and thrown her upon the bed. Meanwhile he used the vilest language to her. Suddenly Mrs. Burdick thought of a revolver which her husband always kept lying on a chair at the head of the bed. With great difficulty she reached out and obtained hold of the revolver and, placing it at the side of Ryan's head that he might feel the cold steel, she told him that if he did not leave her she would fire at him. He only laughed at her. Several times she reiterated her intention and finally she placed it against his left side and fired. Instantly Ryan fell off the bed onto the floor. Mrs. Burdick rushed down stairs without waiting to see if her victim was dead. She hurried to the nearest neighbor and told what she had done and sent for her husband. She then hurried back to her room to ascertain if Ryan was dead. She saw a trail of blood marking his passage across the hall from her room to his own and saw his body lying on his bed. He was dead. He had evidently used all his strength in making his way across the hall. The shot had taken an upward course and had entered the heart.

Roulette the Latest Fad.

Instead of matinee card parties and afternoon teas, roulette parties have become the fad with the smart set in Baltimore. It is already more popular than bridge whist and poker, and promises to displace ping pong.

Several clubs have been formed and during the inclement weather of the early part of the week a number of women lost much of their Christmas money. As much has been said and written about women gambling, this latest innovation has been secretly guarded.

This fascinating game, which has made Monte Carlo and Saratoga famous, has invaded the home and does not have to be sought in gilded palaces. Just who is responsible for introducing the game in Baltimore's social life is a disputed question, for several women who summered abroad claim the honor. However, the fact that these women came home with complete outfits for conducting such a game is positive.

The arrangement is a gem, and is so made that when folded up it will occupy but a small space in one's trunk.

When the game is played the hostess is the banker, although she can resign that honor to any of her guests.

A cloth, two yards long, marked off in red and black squares, containing necessary numbers, is secured. The wheel is a small affair, and a few of the important ones are mounted with silver. No special table is needed, and the cloth and wheel can be used on the polished affair in the dining room, if necessary, or on ping-pong tables.

It is said that the introduction of the mysteries of roulette to the gentler sex will have a tendency to keep the male members of the family from the clubs.

A lady prominent socially at an uptown hotel said:

"If the girls do not play too high the game will prove a blessing, for it can be brought out when the men are around. There is more excitement about it than any other game. I find it a more informal way of entertaining, and am glad the women have taken it up."—Philadelphia North American.

Penrose for Senator.

The Republican caucus at Harrisburg last night was devoid of those exciting incidents which have marked similar caucuses at the beginning of the past two Legislatures.

Senator Penrose was nominated without opposition, and he will be elected on Tuesday, January 20, with Democrats only against him. This is a compliment which the Senator doubtless will appreciate, for it shows a united party back of him.

Senator Penrose has the ability to make himself a power in Washington. He will enter upon his second term fully equipped with experience. As chairman of the important Committee on Immigration he has entered heartily into the solution of the immigration question, and is in charge of a measure that is expected to pass before adjournment. In addition he is a member of the committees on Coast Defenses, Commerce, Naval Affairs, Postoffices, Education and Labor and a select committee on national banks.

He has strength, health and youth to depend upon, with all the promises for a long and useful career.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

County Detective Appointed.

On Wednesday of last week District Attorney John P. Melvin of Bradford appointed Thomas F. Hungiville of Smethport detective of McKean county, in accordance with the Act of Assembly of June 13, 1876. Judge Morrison confirmed the appointment and fixed Mr. Hungiville's salary at $1,000 per year and actual expenses while traveling in his official capacity. The appointment was made for the term of one year, but the Court has the right to revoke this order and terminate the office at the end of any month. Mr. Hungiville took the oath of office on Saturday last and commenced his duties Monday morning by going to Olivedale to procure witnesses in the Ryan killing affair.

The question of whether or not McKean county needed a county detective has often been discussed but never before has been tried. Time alone will tell whether or not enough misdeeds will be brought to light to warrant the continuance of this new office.

Mr. Hungiville is a clever and energetic man and will perform his duties with credit to himself and the county.

I will be at the Grand Central Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Jan. 12, 13 and 14, with new Spring line for shirts and ladies shirt waists, also fine furnishings.

Abe J. Martin,
Jamestown,
N. Y.

The Kitchen Carving Set at 25c; warranted. Holmes & Gilfillan.

See the I. C. S. display in Wm. Monheimer's window.

ABORIGINES

By Esther Harlan

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The "cliff dwellers," from the dizzy altitude of their apartments in the old studio building, were on terms of semi-rivalry (veiled of course by the usual billowy courtesies) with the "mound builders," who "burrowed" on the first floor. The former "drew with a pencil," and the latter "did things with a pen," and there was absolutely no ground for collision in their work, but instinctively they pretended there was (each secretly wondering if the others guessed facts) merely to disguise the real cause for the friction—a man, as usual, or, rather, three men, who also "bunked" in the studio building. The sum of the situation was the cliff dwellers were the poster sort both as to occupation and personality. They dressed smartly, chatted entertainingly, even wittily, were trammeled by no traditions and were a match in most ways for any up to date young man of their acquaintance.

Whereas the mound builders were not full fledged Bohemians and far from "smart," they still had ideals and illusions, also a chaperon, who was the mother of one of them. They had taken the ground floor apartment because the rent was lower.

When Dal and his chum and "the other one" spent an evening either separately or collectively with the mound builders, they came away feeling decidedly jolly, almost boyishly so, on good terms with themselves and the rest of the world.

[illegible] ment."

[illegible] chose to say.'"

Dallas Sinclair had dropped in this afternoon just for a word with Vivacia, she of the cliff dwellers, and had stepped back of the screen to examine some of her latest sketches. Vivacia had paused in the next room to slip on a pretty house gown. Somehow she always liked to look her best when Dal came.

So it happened that while Dal was back of the screen they left the elevator and paused to study the card carelessly left in the ground glass door.

"'Back at 2.' It's ten minutes of. Let's wait. I can never screw my courage up to this point again."

It was the voice of "the little girl," she of the mound builders. Then the door was pushed farther open, and the two entered.

"Oh, mamsie, dear! If our den only looked like this! I wonder people ever come to see us—we're so 'sparse.'"

Dallas was in an agony. It would certainly not do to disclose his presence. His soul loathed the role of eavesdropper. Yet he did so want to know which one she cared for, himself or "the other one."

"If only my last wee bit story will be a 'go,'" the sweet voice went on, "then I can accept Mr. Sinclair's invitation at last. I suppose most of our friends really believe our 'no place like home' excuses by this time."

"Is that the bachelor girl story—'Tips?'" the older voice asked. "Why didn't you let Mr. Sinclair have that, Dorothy? He told you he was on the Up to Date staff."

"Now, mother mine, you know I couldn't do a thing like that. I would rather never have it printed."

"Well, maybe not. You're a funny little chick of a daughter, but one can overdo even so desirable a thing as independence. If Mr. Sinclair wants to be of service to you, I don't see why—even if he is merely a casual acquaintance"—the color crept up over the girl's fair throat—"you would do the same for him, I am sure."

"But, anyway, it's lots more fun, mamsie, dear," the girl began, with an effort at lightness, "to blaze one's own trees."

"And that is why you said 'No' to Tom Davenport last week and refused Aunt Sageman's gifts"—

"Now, mother, dear, you know Aunt Sageman treated you atrociously not so long back. I'm not going to swallow that just because I happen to need togs."

"Still it doesn't do to be too proud, dearie. Who was it—Elijah—who let himself be cared for by—wasn't it ravens?"

"Mamsie, you must read up," the girl exclaimed, laughing. "Ravens are all right, or even English sparrows, for that matter, but I draw the line at relations. And as for Tom, he was good, and he had pennies and ancestors and all the usual means of grace, but—well, I just couldn't, that's all. It would seem nice, though," reflectively, "not to have to calculate whether my shoes will hang together till I get back before I accept an invitation for a stroll. I'm afraid Providence has grown a trifle absentminded in my direction of late."

"Dorothy, my dear," the older voice cried, "you frighten me. You must not talk so," and then with a change of tone and apparent irrelevance: "Dallas Sinclair was talking to me last night about his home. He has a very lovable nature, Dorothy, such a contrast to Mr. Mortimer."

"The other one? Oh, he's just a nice playfellow. What—what did Mr. Sinclair say to you, mother?"

There was a clatter of heels in the hall, a momentarily astonished face in the doorway, the glibly false assurances of welcome and delight, during which Dal silently and unnoticed slipped from screen to open door. He took the first cab for his office in the Up to Date building to importune the long suffering manuscript reader as to a story entitled "Tips," which he represented as having been turned in by himself incog. after a bad quarter of an hour. "But wait till I touch it up, and you'll howl for it," he said.

"I believe she'd forgive me if she knew," he assured his conscience "and I'll tell her all about it afterward."

A week later a typewritten note of acceptance, with a double dosed check (which Dorothy in her inexperience did not stop to scrutinize it was not from the Up to Date checkbook), made sunshine in a certain dark studio and made possible a certain long deferred outing, from which two people returned tired and happy as the children they really were at heart.

"The flat seems so stuffy after—today," Dorothy had said.

"Let's go up on the roof just for a sendoff"

"Oh, the cliff dwellers staked that off long ago as their claim," Dorothy objected wistfully.

"Nonsense! What's that to 'us-es?' We'll counterstake." And they laughed as they entered the cagelike old elevator. Up among the chimneys and under the stars, sitting without discomfort on the edge of the ugly brick cornice—

"If I only had space like this to write in!" Dorothy said, "but in my slice of a room—just a pigeonhole"—

"Why, that's all right," the man returned cheerily. "You're just a sketch yourself yet. Pigeonholes are the places for such things. Wait till you get to be a volume and a number of them"

"Then I'll be laid on the shelf?"

"No; you'll have a whole library to yourself."

"I think I'll tell you a bit of luck that came my way lately," Dorothy began after a pause, and then she related all she knew of the Up to Date incident. Dallas Sinclair was properly surprised, appreciative and congratulatory, and while conscience twinged he rejoiced. "I'll tell her the truth afterward!"

It was so good to be there in the twilight [illegible] so free, so still [illegible] together. "The [illegible] the good things [illegible] called the girl's [illegible] drew it back into her lap. Dal [illegible] his heart throbbing [illegible] had understood.

"Why don't you let it have its way?" he said simply, taking gentle possession of the little fingers.

"How could you know?" she acquiesced happily.

A pair of eyes, unnoticed, emerged from the trapdoor and as quickly vanished.

"No, I don't feel like going up on the roof tonight," their owner said wearily a few minutes later to the other cliff dwellers. "I—I don't feel—I think I'll say good night."

"Don't squeal till your hundred dollar 'Autumn Leaf' poster comes out, Vivacia," somebody called after her.

"Oh, I'll be all right in the morning."

Women are all alike, whether they make red and green posters or dream dreams on housetops.

A Conscientious Man.

"I am still without a father-in-law," said the drummer, "and I guess a Long Island farmer is more to blame for it than anybody else. I met one of his daughters while I was on my summer vacation and fell in love with her, and after six months' correspondence I went down to tackle the old man about it. I drove up to the house with a horse and fancy and went in, but before I could get around to the subject nearest my heart he said:

"'As a deputy sheriff of this county I'll have to arrest you, sir.'

"'What's up?' I asked.

"'Driving faster than eight miles an hour.'

"'But I was in a hurry to see your daughter. I want to ask her hand of you.'

"'Wanter marry Sarah, eh?'

"'I do.'

"'Waal, that's kind of you, but I must do my duty as an officer and make 6 shillings in fees. You'll have to go along.'

"I went along with him," said the drummer, "and was fined $5 and costs, and, though I'm not a thin skinned man, my feelings were hurt, and I left Sarah to find a better man. She was a nice girl, but her old dad was too conscientious for me."

James Returned.

He had returned from his two weeks off looking much the better for it, and as he entered the store the proprietor advanced and shook hands with him and gave him a warm welcome. The bookkeeper was puzzled and put out, but only for a moment. Then the proprietor explained.

"James, we have had an expert on your books during your absence."

"Y-yes, sir."

"He has discovered that you have embezzled $350,000 from us during the last two years."

"But, sir"—

"Don't deny it, James. Figures won't lie. Yes, you have embezzled $350,000"—

"But I—I"—

—"and I am glad to see you back. We happen to be hard up just at present, and if you could lend us $25,000 we'd take it as a great favor and remember it the first of the year. There's a check, James, and please fill it out and go on with your work as usual. Glad you had a good time, and I hope it won't inconvenience you in the least to pull us out of the hole. That's all, and thank you very much."

A Bullseye.

"I'm afraid my remarks this morning hit you rather hard," said the Rev. Dr. Scorum, who had observed Mr. Gayman leave in the midst of the sermon.

"What led you to jump at that conclusion?" asked Mr. Gayman rather haughtily.

"I noticed you jumped before the conclusion."—Catholic Standard and Times.

So He Gets Around.

Ethel—Gracious, Mabel, why do you lace so awfully whenever Cholly Lovsik comes around?

Mabel—Oh, the poor fellow's arm is so short.—Smart Set.

Monkey Policemen.

In Hindustan monkeys are made useful, and they do police duty after a fashion and often really assist the police in quelling disturbances or suppressing riots. Sometimes these four handed policemen act as protectors to the weak and helpless, as this incident will show.

At Agra on the platform of a public warehouse a little street arab had spread his rug in the shade of a stack of country produce and had just dropped asleep when one of the wealthy residents strolled up with a pet leopard that had learned to accompany him in all his rambles.

A troop of monkeys had taken post on the opposite side of the shed, but at sight of the spotted intruder the whole gang charged along the platform and, instantly forming a semicircle about the little sleeper, faced the leopard with bristling manes, evidently resolved to defeat the suspected purpose of his visit.

Ocean Cliffs Set on Fire by Waves

It is not often that the waves of the ocean can set cliffs afire, but they do sometimes. At Ballybunnion, on the west coast of Ireland, the waves which for unnumbered centuries have been beating against the shore one day broke into a great deposit of iron pyrites and alum. A rapid oxidation took place which produced a fierce heat and set the whole cliff to burning. For weeks the cliff burned like a volcano and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose in the air. When the fire died out, great masses of lava and clay burned to brick were seen in every direction.

In the arctic regions there is another such burning cliff, which, when last seen was on fire for twenty miles. The burning material was composed largely of lignite, but is believed to be made up of several other combustible chemical substances which had been [illegible] when the waves reached them.

Sugar and the Hygienists.

Sugar [illegible] food [illegible] for [illegible] M. G. Bar[illegible] cane sugar is [illegible] Now [illegible] the organism. It is better to take the sugar in the form of legumes and fruits rich in hydrocarbons. And what is honey worth? Very little also. It has the same inconveniences; it also is wanting in lime and iron.

It will be observed, however, that if we consider all the advantages which, according to the hygienists, attach to various foods, we shall find that it is almost impossible to get any nourishment at all if we want to adjust our diet to scientific teaching.—Literary Digest.

Dumas and His Porthos

Dumas, like Balzac, was fond of his own creations. Among them all he loved Porthos best. The great, strong, vain hero was a child after his own heart. One afternoon, it is related, his son found Dumas careworn, wretched, overwhelmed. "What has happened to you? Are you ill?" asked Dumas fils. "No," replied Dumas pere. "Well, what is it, then?" "I am miserable." "Why?" "This morning I killed Porthos—poor Porthos! Oh, what trouble I have had to make up my mind to do it! But there must be an end to all things. Yet when I saw him sink beneath the ruins, crying, 'It is too heavy—too heavy for me!' I swear to you that I cried." And he wiped away a tear with the sleeve of his dressing gown.

Suspicious.

"Did Benny ask you for my hand last night, papa?"

"Yes, my daughter."

"And what did you think of the young man?"

"I don't like suspicious men, my dear. I like a man who looks you in the eye."

"Well, didn't Benny look you in the eye, father?"

"No; all the time he was asking for your hand in marriage he had his eyes on my feet."—Yonkers Statesman.

Good Enough For a Beast.

A droll little story is told of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. He put up his horse one day at a small country inn, on the signboard of which was painted conspicuously the notice, "Entertainment For Man and Beast." When his lunch was brought, he looked dissatisfied and surprised the waiter by saying, "This is all very well so far, but where is the entertainment for the man?"—London Tit-Bits.

A Rough Criticism.

Lord Houghton's epigram on "Sordello," probably the most obscure of Browning's poems, though it has often gone the rounds, is worth recalling. Said Lord Houghton, then only Dicky Milnes, "There are but two lines in 'Sordello' I can understand—the first and last—'Who will may hear Sordello's story told' and 'Who would hath heard Sordello's story told,' and both are false."

Exchange of Courtesies.

One of the keenest of journalists and wits, Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, had the better of the irate stranger against whom he ran by accident at the corner of a street in Munich. "Beast!" cried the offended person without waiting for an apology. "Thank you," said the journalist, "and mine is Saphir."

The Originator.

"I wonder who made the first after dinner speech?" asked the philosopher.

"Adam," replied the wise guy promptly. "As soon as he got through with the core of that apple he said, 'The woman tempted me,' didn't he?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Forced to It.

"You ought not to beg," she said.

"No, ma'am," admitted the tramp.

"Why do you do it?"

"Well, ma'am, I wouldn't if I could git people to give me money by jest lookin' sad."—Chicago Post.

A hen in Bromley, England, is alleged to have laid an egg which weighs a quarter of a pound.

JINNY

By LESLIE JAMES

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It was the big doctor who found her, misshapen and suffering, in her father's gloomy shop. In spite of its noise and dust, Jinny preferred the shop to the tiny back room, because the customers spoke kindly to her and made her forget the ache in her back. When they gave her candy enough to start a make believe shop on the narrow window ledge, she sold it for pins to the children in the dingy court, just because she loved to watch these straight limbed, bright eyed children caper about as she knew she never could.

When the big doctor brought her to the hospital, he said to Nurse Powell:

"I'll leave Jinny under your special care, Miss Powell. I am greatly interested in her case. The expense is being met by one perfectly able to do it, and she is to want for nothing."

And thus were the gates of an earthly paradise opened to Jinny of Borden's court. First there was the sunny little room, all her own, with pictures on the wall, and the whitest of iron beds with shiny knobs on each corner, and a bright red wrapper, woolly and soft, with knit slippers to match. Then came the pretty young ladies of the Flower mission with their nodding blossoms and occasional glasses of quivering jelly. Sometimes the big doctor's nieces brought their dolls and spent an hour at Jinny's bedside, and happy Jinny was permitted to hold [illegible]

[illegible] Nurse Powell had obeyed the physician's conscientious instructions to the letter, at first from a sense of duty and later because she learned to love the patient little sufferer.

And the big doctor? Even Nurse Powell, who knew his deep interest in his work, wondered at the attention he lavished on this denizen of the slums. Often when his rounds in the hospital were over and he had time to spare he would come back to Jinny's room for a chat, and Jinny, her great black eyes set in a face of ivory whiteness, would smile happily from one to the other, the big doctor who ordered medicine that eased the pain in her back and the nurse whose gentle hand could smooth away wrinkles in her forehead when the pain was at its worst.

Sometimes when they sat thus Jinny was vaguely conscious that the big doctor was talking to her, but looking at Nurse Powell. But Jinny did not know how, years before, when the big doctor, fresh from the medical school, had been house physician in the city hospital, he had met a sweet faced "probe" doing her first night duty in his ward. The head nurse had looked scornfully at the slender figure and the trembling hands, but the young house physician had said: "Give her time. She'll get her bearings after a bit."

Nurse Powell had been grateful for his cheerful encouragement and the many kindnesses which lightened her burden during that first awful year in the big wards, but when he asked for something more than gratitude she could not give it. Now head of the nurses' staff at a sanitarium, she sometimes grew a-weary and wished she had learned to love the big doctor whose brown eyes seemed still to follow her at her duties. Then her heart would say: "No, no! His work would always come first, and I would be second. Besides, I wonder if he has a heart! When I see him undertaking those horrible operations without the quiver of an eyelash, I think he has no feeling."

And so this nurse who could unflinchingly assist at the same operations waited inconsistently for love to come into her life, a love that would be all tenderness and thoughtfulness, a thing apart from the scenes of suffering in which she moved.

It was one afternoon when Jinny had been almost a year at the hospital. In the morning the big doctor had said: "I've changed the medicine again, Miss Powell. I don't like that rise in temperature. If you note a tendency toward coma during the afternoon, send for me at once."

But Nurse Powell did not have to send for him. He came of his own accord, just as the afternoon drew to a close. Jinny had been sleeping restlessly, and when she opened her eyes with an expression of weariness that had not been there since she came to the hospital the big doctor and Nurse Powell were sitting on either side of her little bed. At the foot lay a gayly illustrated copy of Mother Goose's rhymes, which Nurse Powell had been reading aloud before kindly sleep came to the small sufferer. Now Jinny pointed to it with a wan smile.

"I've had the funniest dream! I went to Mother Goose's land, way, way off, an' she was such a funny ole woman, an' she was right glad to see me! An' she says, 'Little girl, would you like to stay with me awhile?' An' I says, 'I'm obliged to you, ma'am; but I can't stay long.' An' then she brings out the prettiest dress, purtier than my red wrapper, an' she says, 'Little girl, would you like to wear that?' An' when I see the little stick all tied with ribbons I knew it were little Bopeep's dress, an' I put it on an' chased them sheep all roun' the field, an' it never hurt my back a bit. An' I tried on lots uv clothes, Little Miss Muffett's ruffled bonnet, an' Mary, Mary Quite Contrary's big hat, an' the Queen of Heart's long train, an' Mother Goose, she says, 'Ain't you havin' a good time, little girl?'

"An' I says: 'Yes, ma'am, thankee, ma'am, but I guess I'd better be a-goin'. You see, my big doctor 'll be roun' pretty soon, an' he'll miss me if I ain't in my cot. An' Nurse Powell will bring my bread an' milk, an' there won't be any little girl there to eat it.' An' then Mother Goose she says, 'All right, little girl; just jump on a broomstick, an' we'll be down there in a jiffy.' An' here I am, an' I'm glad, for the bed feels so comfy, an' sure enough, my big doctor is here."

The great black eyes glowed wondrous bright as they met the big doctor's gaze, and he spoke very gently while he stroked her hand, now thin and transparent.

"Does your back ache after your long ride on the broomstick, Jinny?"

"Oh, no! The ache's all gone. There ain't been any ache all day."

The big doctor looked across the bed at Nurse Powell, but she was gazing steadily through the open window. And something bright and clear, like diamonds, shone on her long lashes.

A weak, piping voice raised again.

"No, I ain't achin' any place today, only I'm dreadful tired. An' every once in awhile you an' Nurse Powell go a-slippin' an' a-slippin' away from me, an' then I feel like I was a-slippin' too. I wisht Nurse Powell would sing. Then p'haps I'd go to sleep again."

Nurse Powell's quivering lips tried to form the notes of the nursery song Jinny loved best, but something rose in her throat and choked the melody.

"I wisht you'd sing that sleepy song."

The tired voice trailed off into silence, but not before the heavy eyes were raised appealingly to those of the white capped nurse.

The big doctor seemed to rouse himself as from a dream. He leaned over and clasped Jinny's nerveless hand in his great, warm one and then in a clear tenor voice began to sing:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea."

The music floated over the cot, past Nurse Powell, through the open door and down the corridor to the wards, where [illegible]

[illegible] It was Nurse Powell who was kneeling beside the cot, her face hidden in the pillow. The little hand she still held was strangely limp and pulseless. Then a strong arm raised her to her feet, and she looked straight into the soft brown eyes that had followed her all these years patiently, steadfastly.

"Gertrude!"

"Henry!"

Later, when she raised her head, she turned from him to the quiet figure on the cot.

"I almost wish she knew—she loved us both so well."

And the big doctor whispered gently, "I think she did know, even before you did."

The Changed Grizzly.

There are numerous reliable statements of grizzly bears having attacked men, but nowadays the grizzly does not seek out his human victims, as there are credible statements that his forefathers used to do. Neither does he lie in wait and, pouncing upon a hunter, tear him into bloody shreds in delighted fiendishness, as the old time stories used to tell. The change in the grizzly's disposition is likened by veteran hunters to the change in the character of the white cousin of the grizzly, the polar bear of the arctics. When the stations for the Hudson's Bay company were established, the diaries of the men there often referred to the fright of attack by polar bears. Many a navigator in the arctic seas has been clawed and chewed to death by polar bears. But for nearly a century the polar bear has not been regarded as so very fierce, and nowadays it is looked upon as a cowardly beast. Association with armed men has modified the polar bear's disposition.—Outing.

Breaking It Gently.

Editor—Mr. Plumduff, you must make a little change in your column tomorrow morning. It takes up too much space. Cut it down by one-half.

Mr. Plumduff—Yes, sir.

"Then the other half won't need any special heading. Remove the heading."

"Yes, sir."

"And it needn't be spaced out. Run it close and in small type."

"Yes, sir."

"That will make it take up about a third of a column."

"Yes, sir."

"And then it can go in any part of the paper wherever there's room for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, if there isn't room it can be left out?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"And—it hardly seems—er—worth while to keep it going, does it?"

"N-no, sir."

"You're right, Mr. Plumduff! Your resignation is accepted."

Cross Purposes.

The young man in the guise of an old farmer was consulting his particular girl, who was doing the fortune telling act at the charity bazaar, and each had penetrated the other's disguise.

"You love a fair maiden," she said, inspecting his palm, "who will give you a severe jolt when you propose to her."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, quickly recovering himself. "Then she will accept me!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Irishman and the Army Mule.

General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most.

"Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked, 'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to git on I'll git off.'"

Instead of being put to ordinary jail tasks long sentence prisoners at Hobart, Tasmania, are employed in the local botanical gardens.

Special Sale

All our fall and winter pattern hats, untrimmed hats and winter millinery will be closed out at and below cost.

For rare bargains call and see us.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

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The Finest and most complete line of
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ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.
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Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
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LIVERY & FEED STABLE
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First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
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For a FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Sigars and Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
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UNDERTAKING — AND — EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR,
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Dodge,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 1, 1900.

Shopping in Bradford.

[illegible] Several Bradford shops [illegible] are displayed in Bradford [illegible]

[illegible] the best goods in Jewelry, Watches, Silverware [illegible] and all the [illegible] to be found. It is the most complete stock and the most attractive store in Bradford.

DIAMONDS. An Unique Offer.

All diamonds sold here are guaranteed to be exactly as represented. The prices are all marked in plain figures. If after purchase the buyer is dissatisfied (for any cause) the full purchase price will be refunded upon return of the stone.

[illegible] ART JEWELER
Bradford, Pa.

7 Main Street.

SILVERWARE,
NICKEL WARE,
FRENCH & AUSTRIAN CHINA,
ENGLISH PORCELAIN,
BRIC-A-BRAC,
GLASSWARE,
JAPANESE PIECES,
Useful as well as beautiful.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 8, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Eugene Hussey lost a valuable horse Sunday night.

—The full dinner pail is the topic in Holmes & Gilfillan's ad this week.

—Some very interesting prices are embodied in the ad of Fry & Herzog this week.

—Those who so earnestly predicted an open winter have been completely snowed under.

—J. W. Voorhees of the Palace Pharmacy has a new ad in this issue which you should read.

—A reduction sale of winter clothing is advertised by H. W. Rubin & Co. Look up the ad of this old, reliable clothing firm.

—Patrick Habren, aged about 60 years, a woodsman who resided in Portland Mills, was found in the Bear Creek road, Elk county, frozen to death on Tuesday of last week.

—Life, after all, is a masquerade, says an observing exchange. We fear to show our tenderness and our love. We habitually hide our best feelings lest we be judged weak and emotional. Sometimes it needs death to show us ourselves and to teach our friends our deep and unsuspected kindness.

—"Profitable Advertising" has opened an office in New York at 140 Nassau St. This magazine has also purchased the right, title, good will and subscription list of the magazines, "Current Advertising" and "Returns." "Profitable Advertising" is the best publication of its kind that comes to our desk and we congratulate the publisher, Kate E. Griswold, on its success.

—The marvelous industrial activity that has marked the unprecedented era of American prosperity, was accented at Newark, N. J., Sunday when the largest paint factory in the world went into operation, the out put being over 6,000 gallons per day. It is the eastern plant of the Patton Paint Company of Milwaukee. The buildings are models of design for volume and quality of product, and for comfort of employes.

—The postoffice department recently inaugurated a move to stop the habit many people have of writing in photograph packages, newspapers, etc., that are put in the office as merchandise. Special inspectors are making the rounds and postmasters are instructed to open all packages not sealed and if writing is found therein to report the same to the department. The violations of the postal laws along this line are becoming so numerous that it is simply astonishing.—Exchange.

—The victim of the small-pox case is improving as rapidly as could be expected, but on Tuesday evening his mother Mrs. John Snapp, was stricken with the disease, but at present is suffering as little as could be expected. There are still three other persons quarantined in the house, but as all of them have been vaccinated the disease may not have any further run at this time. The family have the sympathy of the community in their affliction and seclusion, and all hope that the time may be short until the quarantine may be removed.—Mt. Jewett News.

—Jonathan Colegrove, who succeeds Thos. H. Ryan as superintendent of the poor farm, is a native of Norwich township, his father, Horace Colegrove, being one of the early settlers of the Potato creek valley. Mr. Colegrove is a veteran of the civil war and an active comrade of the G. A. R. post at Smethport. Some ten years since he moved to the county seat and engaged in the mercantile business with his son, A. L. Colegrove. He has not only a practical knowledge of the occupation of a farmer but he has proven a thorough business man in other callings. That he will prove a successful superintendent of the poor property there can be no question.—Kane Republican.

—Sousa's band is in London. Last Friday night at Queen's hall, the band's performance began with a spirited rendition of "God Save the King." The national anthem brought the loyal British audience to its feet. The people remained standing until Sousa's musicians changed from the British air to "The Star Spangled Banner." No sooner had the strains of the American tune struck the sensitive ears of the listeners than took place a peculiar incident. The audience sat down—if not in disgust, at least with disrespect, for a composition that is very dear to the people of the United States. Has the Venezuelan affair been productive of a hostile sentiment among our Anglo-Saxon cousins?—Bradford Era.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Use the Redfield mantle.

The Candid Pepys.

No man has ever yet succeeded in painting an honest portrait of himself in an autobiography, however sincere he may [illegible] In spite of [illegible] A more [illegible] journal of his vanities and doings [illegible] the little items that make up the sum of his life and he unconsciously gives himself away at every turn. He lays bare his heart with a candor not possible to the self conscious [illegible] that inevitably colors premeditated revelation. Unknowingly he wears his heart upon his pen for daws to peck at. While Mr. Samuel Pepys was filling those small octavo pages with his perplexing cipher he never once imagined that he was adding a photographic portrait of himself to the world's gallery of immortals. We are more intimately acquainted with Mr. Samuel Pepys, the inner man, his little meannesses and his generosities than we are with half the persons we call our dear friends.—T. B. Aldrich in Atlantic.

Punctuation.

In the earliest Latin [illegible] and manuscripts no system of punctuation is followed. The full point [illegible] gradually introduced, being [illegible] the level, middle or top of the letters. In the [illegible] of the eighth, ninth and following centuries the period, on the line or high, was first used; then the comma and semicolon and the inverted semicolon, whose power was rather stronger than that of the comma. Some say that the Caroline minuscules of the ninth century exhibit the note of interrogation for which the inverted semicolon, which was gradually dropped, may have furnished the mark. The Greeks use the semicolon as an interrogation point. In English the colon is said to have been introduced about 1485, the comma about [illegible] and the semicolon about 1570. In Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" (1587) all the punctuation points appear, including the note of interrogation, asterisk and parentheses.

Incorrigible.

It was decided that Mr. Wright must administer a stern lecture to his four-year-old daughter Florence. The little girl had been naughty, but she did not seem to appreciate the fact, and Mr. Wright reluctantly undertook a "scolding."

He hated to make the tender little heart ache and to see the dear child cry, but he forced himself to speak judiciously and severely. He recounted her misdeeds and explained the why and wherefore of his stern rebuke. Mrs. Wright sat by, looking duly impressed.

Finally Mr. Wright paused for breath and also to hear the small culprit acknowledge her error. The scolding was never continued. Florence turned a face beaming with admiration to her mother and said innocently:

"Isn't papa interesting?"

At Home and Abroad.

A few days ago an elderly gentleman and his wife were walking along the street when a lady in crossing the road fell down. The old gentleman rushed to her assistance and helped her in every possible way. When he returned to his wife, she looked like a thundercloud.

"It's all right; it's all right," he whispered.

"Yes, I know it's all right!" she replied hotly. "Here's an unknown woman falls down, and you plow across the street to help her, and the other day, when I fell downstairs, you wanted to know if I was practicing for a circus."

The Christian Name.

The term "Christian name" is used in England and America only. "Baptismal name" is used in other countries. The term seems to have been used first after the reformation, when Biblical names were used as a reaction against the use of the saints' names in the calendar. It is evident that all Biblical names are not Christian, but the reaction went so far as to consider everything in the Bible as Christian and everything not in the Bible as pagan or certainly non-Christian.

Never Needed Vindication.

"You were never compelled to ask for a vindication?"

"A vindication?" echoed Senator Sorghum scornfully. "I should say not. My motto is, 'Don't get caught in the first place.'"—Washington Star.

WOMEN

are of a thrifty disposition. Several thousand women have accounts here—our most welcome depositors. A saving account is a reserve fund for hard times, sickness or old age. You can start with a dollar and bank by mail.

Established 1862. 30,000 Depositors. $12,000,000 Deposits. 4 per cent. Interest.

Mention this paper when writing, and we'll mail you a valuable booklet on Money Saving.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
Smithfield St. & Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gaskin & Grant.

NEWS STAND.

Cigars, Tobacco.
Nuts & Candies
Fruits and Vegetables
in season.

We have in stock an elegant line of Stationery. Call and see it.

Good Tasting Medicine

Cod liver oil is in universal repute as the best body builder in wasting diseases and the best reconstructor in recovery from severe sickness known to medicine.

Nevertheless, three-fourths of the people are really made sick by the taste and smell of cod liver oil. Half of them can't take it. Their stomachs either reject it, or are so upset by it that the dose does more harm than good.

Vinol is the only preparation of cod liver oil which contains no grease or bad taste yet does contain all the virtue of cod liver oil, and is deliciously palatable. It also contains organic iron. Iron gives quality to the blood. Almost every ailing person needs it.

The combination of these two elements with table wine is both scientific and effective. It has accomplished wonderful things right here in town. We think we are doing a service to every run-down, ailing, coughing, nervous, debilitated person in calling attention to Vinol. We sell it on its merits—money back if it does not help you. You run no risk.

Old people revive under its influence. Nursing mothers and overworked people get new vitality.

J. W. VOORHEES,
DRUGGIST.

THE FAMOUS.
Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

Prices Greatly Reduced

on Men's and Boys'

SUITS and OVERCOATS.

Could not have done this earlier, because there were no broken lots. There are a few now—not many of a kind, but a good many kinds we want to close out.

Men of Smethport,

if you want a good Suit or Overcoat that outclass any ever offered at like figures, it is **to your interest** to come here, where you get

Your Money's Worth or
Your Money Back.

Wm. Monheimer.

Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

THE CLARION
State Normal School

Provides Special Training for Teachers.
Prepares Young People for College.
Offers Excellent Facilities for General Education.

FREE TUITION.

Living Expenses Very Low.

Winter term begins Tuesday, Dec. 30.

For further particulars call on or address

DR. SAMUEL WEIR, Principal
Clarion, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,
Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.

Make Your Selection From These Brands:

WHISKIES	WINES
Hunter Wilson Guckenheimer	White Seal White Top
Tom Moore Seymour Club	Great Western
Meadville Rye	Imported Sherry Imported Port
Rose Club Private Stock	Tokay Catawba Rhine
Gibson and 15 others.	St. Julian and many others.

Cognac Brandies, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Jamaica Rum and nearly every popular brand of wine or liquor to be found in the country at very reasonable prices. Call and look over my stock.

A. J. Warshofsky,
Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,
Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

New Store, New Goods,
New Prices, New Proprietors.

We are now prepared to do business in an up-to-date way.

Goods promptly delivered in any part of the borough, or at any reasonable distance in the country. Farm produce taken in exchange for groceries at market price.

All goods and prices guaranteed. We do not propose to be undersold. Yours to please,

Hagberg & Sherburne,
Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

[illegible]

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertisements published at the rate of [illegible] per column, per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 8, 1903.

KING EDWARD VII of the United Kingdom was proclaimed Emperor of India on January 1, 1903.

It is rumored that United States Senator Thomas C. Platt of New York will not be a candidate for re-election.

IN referring to the death of Topsy, the man killing elephant, the Buffalo News says: No, it was not the G. O. P. elephant that was electrocuted on Sunday at Coney Island. No such trifling charge as 6600 volts would affect it in the least.

THE appointment of T. F. Hungiville as county detective is being quite severely criticized by many stalwart Republicans. In the first place the necessity of a county detective is very questionable and, secondly, why should so lucrative an office as this be given to a prominent party worker in the Democratic ranks?

THOSE persons who have been predicting that President Roosevelt was going to get too strenuous, kick over the traces and bring disaster to his party at an unexpected moment are getting tired watching for that event, says the Wellsboro Agitator. Our President may be impulsive, but he carries a proper amount of ballast and at the wheel of the ship of state he steers by the chart and is a careful navigator.

THE Harrisburg Independent, an out and out Democratic paper, has this to say of the appointment of Judge Morrison to the Superior Court bench: Governor Stone has not only conserved the interests of the Commonwealth by appointing a fit man to the Superior Court bench, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Judge Mitchell, but he has relieved the popular mind of the grave apprehension that he would name an unfit man in the person of one or another of the political judges who aspired to the appointment and whose names need not be mentioned, because they will occur to every thoughtful citizen. Judge Thomas A. Morrison of McKean county is a safe jurist.

AN effort will probably be made to provide for a state constabulary at this session of the Legislature. In speaking on this subject the Philadelphia Press says: The rural sections of the state are greatly in need of the police protection that a well-managed and efficient State constabulary could afford. Crimes enough are committed in country places where there is no great risk of detection and punishment, to afford a convincing argument for a State police system. The sparsely populated communities have not the resources to supply the necessary force and pay for it, and it is a protection to the lives and property of its citizens which the state can justly extend. To establish a proper system will cost money, but the state need not hesitate on that account, and it will be money well expended if efficiency is made the first consideration in creating the organization. Undoubtedly public sentiment will sustain favorable consideration of the subject by the legislature at this time.

THE editor of the Democrat came back very weak in his argument last week. We answered all his questions honestly, but he accuses us of attempting to deny facts and says we are doing this to hold a stand in for public patronage. He absolutely refused to answer the questions we put to him, thus admitting that revenge is his only method for his attack on Mr. Ryan. If, as the editor of the Democrat claims, he has been aware for years of the mismanagement of the poor farm (an assertion very greatly doubted) he has grossly misused the taxpayers of this county by waiting until this late day when he had an axe to grind, to give this knowledge to the public. If we had known what our down town contemporary claims to have known for years about the management of the poor farm we would have made these exposures years ago. Yet the said editor admits that he has cherished these charges in his breast until he had a personal motive for giving them to the public. And still he has the hardihood to pose as a friend of the taxpayer while he accuses us of being their enemy. Can it be possible that the editor of the Democrat thinks that the majority of the taxpayers of this county are not possessed of ordinary reasoning power? His arguments would lead any thinking man to believe as much?

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5, 1903.

Congress convenes at noon to-day and will bend its energies with exceptional application to the accomplishment of the great amount of work which remains to be done before the end of the session. With the parliamentary ability for which he has long been famous, Senator Quay has managed to preserve the status of his territorial bill which is still the unfinished business. The early hours of the session will doubtless witness an ardent attempt on the part of the Republicans in the Senate to administer to the Omnibus bill its coup de grace but it will require exceptional ability to catch Mr. Quay off his guard. Meanwhile, an opposition measure which provides for the admission of Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one state has been introduced and will be used as a foil for the more swooping measure.

There is intense interest in the fate of the Cuban treaty. At the last Cabinet meeting it was determined to force the issue, in so far as the Administration has the power, and to make a vote for its ratification a test of loyalty to the President. Nevertheless there are some Senators who regard the bill as the first step in a movement which has for its ultimate end the lowering of the Dingley tariff and they are, as yet, strongly opposed to the convention. Senator Platt of Connecticut returned to Washington early with a view to getting a grasp on the situation and of furthering the interests of the measure of which he is a known champion. Senator Scott is one of those believed to oppose the bill although he refused to acknowledge his opposition when approached by your correspondent. On the 7th a hearing will be given to the friends of the New Foundland treaty, its opponents having already been heard. It is not regarded at this time as likely that the treaty will be ratified, however.

The most interesting political feature of the week is the publication of Senator Hoar's anti-trust bill which, if not an administration measure, conforms closely to the recommendation of the President and the Attorney General. It provides for full publicity for the usual form of trust and prohibits combinations in restraint of trade. Already, serious opposition has developed in the person of Representative Jenkins, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, the support of which committee must be secured before the bill can come before the House for consideration. There are many who regard the bill as unconstitutional but it may be passed if only to test the law.

Secretary Hay has practically concluded negotiations with Dr. Herran, the representative of Colombia and is now awaiting the decision of the Colombian government in regard to the treaty which will authorize the construction of the Panama canal. The terms of the treaty as they now stand provide for an initial payment to Colombia of $10,000,000 and an annuity of $100,000 beginning in ten years and continuing thereafter for all time, or as long as the United States shall maintain the canal. It is believed that these terms are personally satisfactory to Dr. Herran, the Colombian Minister, but he fears that they will not meet with the approval of his countrymen. To sign a treaty which did not meet with their approval would be dangerous. It will be remembered that when Senor Andrade, the Venezuelan minister, secured the intervention of the United States in the Venezuelan boundary question his countrymen were so pleased that they elevated him to the presidency but—when the decision of the court of arbitration failed to satisfy all the demands of the Venezuelans, Castro led a revolution which deposed Andrade and compelled him to flee to Paris for his life.

The protests of Great Britain and Germany against what they termed a violation of the open door policy in the Philippines were noted in my last letter together with the fact that Secretary Root had referred the matter to Congress. Since then, however, the officials of the War Department have been making some investigations as to the workings of the law and its relations to the international agreement concerning Philippine trade and have secured some surprisingly gratifying statistics. That there has been any violation of the open door policy is now positively denied. It is argued that in refunding the export duty of $7.50 per ton on Manila hemp, the United States is doing nothing not equally possible to any other nation which, if it so desires may help its manufacturers by refunding the duty also. It is shown moreover that under the provisions of the law the importation of hemp by this country has increased to the rate of 96,000 tons per annum and, where formerly fully half of this amount was imported from Great Britain and other nations, now the importation from Great Britain and all other countries has decreased to the rate of 384 tons per annum. In other words, the United States is becoming the great hemp manufacturing country of the world. The importation of this vast amount of raw material is materially aiding American manufacturers and artisans, to the undoubted injury of their foreign competitors.

There is expressed by members of the Senate the greatest satisfaction at the removal of all doubt as to the re-election of Senator Spooner. Notwithstanding that there was friction between the Wisconsin Senator and Gov. LaFollette throughout the recent campaign and that the Senator has never pledged himself to support the theories of Gov. La Follette, the Wisconsin Legislature will include, on joint ballot, 91 votes pledged to Mr. Spooner out of a total of 105 Republican members. Another peculiar feature of the situation rests in the fact that at one time the Senator declined to stand again and subsequently reconsidered his declination. He is regarded as a tower of strength to the Republicans in every sharp debate. He is courteous and conservative and always says the right thing at the right time, but it is, perhaps, as a constitutional lawyer that he has rendered the greatest service to his party.

Special discount on all I. C. S. scholarships while our display is here.

Subscribe for the MINER.

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH

When Sandow poses and the muscles ridge his back and knot his arms, we think we have before us the very secret of strength in those magnificent muscles. But we haven't. Starve Sandow, or, what is practically the same thing, let him be dyspeptic, and his muscle would soon fail. Strength is made from food properly digested and assimilated, and no man is stronger than his stomach, because when the stomach is diseased digestion and assimilation are imperfect.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food so that the body is nourished into perfect health and strength.

"I had what my physician called indigestion. He gave me medicine for the trouble but it did me no good," writes Mr. W. H. Wells, of Willard, N. C. "I wrote to Dr. Pierce and stated my case. He sent me a descriptive list and hygienic rules. I carried out these as best I could, bought six bottles of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and commenced taking it. A few days later I noticed a great change. Felt like a new man. Before I began the use of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' I suffered greatly with pain in stomach, my nerves seemed all 'run-down,' I was very thin in flesh, but now can eat heartily and sleep good at night."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free*, on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send twenty-one one-cent stamps for the paper-covered book, or thirty-one stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

We Have But One Kind

of Flour, that is the satisfactory kind, called F. S. You all know how good it is. Only

$1.25

per sack. Your money back if not as good or better than you are using.

Nice sweet oranges and nice sour lemons.

Chase & Sanborn's

celebrated Mocha and Jave coffee can only be purchased here. Don't take any substitute.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Incorporation Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Monday, January 26th, 1903, at ten o'clock A. M., by Albert J. Loeffler, Albert G. Evans, H. D. McCandless, Robert H. McLaren and Edwin G. Ferguson, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of Natural Gas Companies" approved May 29, 1885, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Western Pennsylvania Natural Gas Company, the character and object of which is producing, dealing in, transporting, storing and supplying natural gas, and the places where its business in its various branches are to be conducted are the counties of Allegheny, Armstrong, Butler, Clarion, Elk, Fayette, Forest, Lawrence, McKean, Washington and Westmoreland, State of Pennsylvania; and for those purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

J. S. & E. G. FERGUSON,
Solicitors.

Administrators' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of L. P. Wahlin, late of Smethport Boro, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to John A. Lindholm residing in said borough, county and state, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JOHN A. LINDHOLM,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 28, 1902.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL

is an occasion of congratulation, but such a call at our store is doubly so, because every caller becomes a lucky purchaser and we exchange congratulations over the fact.

Profitable purchases are especially pleasant now when pleasant experiences are in order. Now that calls are the proper thing, permit us to call your attention to use

Thornton & Chester's "Best" and Pure Gold Flour.

"The Breadmakers."

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

The Shoes Are in the Stockings.

this time, or will be when the wise Santa Claus makes his rounds.

At present the shoes that will make the most pleasing

Holiday Gifts

are in our store. Got the largest, best assorted and finest line of Ladies', Men's, Boys', Misses' and Children's footwear.

Any of our large stock of shoes would certainly be worthy of putting into the best stocking.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

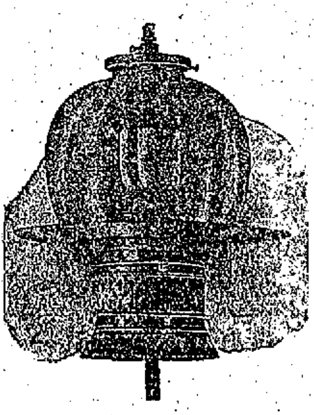
is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumrd. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Great Reductions.

GOOD-BYE OVERCOATS.

While there's lot's of winter ahead selling time on Winter Overcoats is growing short, and we have made GREAT REDUCTIONS on our Overcoats that will move them out of our store in a jiffy.

Men's, Boy' and Children's Overcoats

all are in for a move.

You can't make a better investment than to buy a Coat for next winter. All our overcoats are new, right cut and tailored elegantly. We simply want their room and the money invested in them. Now is the time to root out the old pocketbook, when it can do so much for so little. Call and examine them.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,
THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

PRICES OF WOOLEN GOODS REDUCED

Spring will soon be here and in order to make room for new goods now being received, have decided to reduce prices on all my woolen goods.

All odd pieces of men's, women's and children's underwear will be sold at cost, and many pairs of woolen hose have been placed on the bargain counter, where it you can find anything that will fit or suit you, you can get a bargain.

Will also sell felt slippers and shoes at cost while they last. Have only a few pair left.

Call and look over bargains before it is too late for they will go radidly at prices I have put upon them.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 29, 1902.

New Patterns FOR Early Spring.

We have received an elegant assortment of the most stylish patterns for Spring suits. You will have to call in and see them to appreciate them.

And as for fit and style in making we guarantee each garment to be equal to anything made in the largest cities.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Place Your Confidence in Us.

When there is illness in your home and the critical period approaches, you find your self wondering if the medicine is really the best that can be obtained. So much depends upon the medicine! Bring your prescriptions to us, and you can be sure that none but the highest standard drugs and chemicals will be used and that every prescription will be filled with as much carefulness and accuracy as if they were for one in our own family. We would like an opportunity to demonstrate these facts to you.

Wells Pharmacy.

New Fall Hats.

All that is new in Hats for the coming season we have them. Any color, any style desired. Also a very large assortment of Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps; the latest novelties for little fellows and little girls. Our prices as usual are the lowest.

We also are showing some swell new things in neckwear.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store
Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

Queen Quality Shoes. | F. G. Lindholm & Co | Dry Goods and Carpets.

CLEARING SALE OF

Cold Weather Needfuls.

Inventory time brings the best bargains of the year. All stocks must be reduced regardless of cost. We have adopted the one certain method—PRICE REDUCTIONS.

DRESS GOODS.

Remnant Sale of Black and Colored Dress Goods.

Ends and oddments of this season's New Goods, marked at a sacrifice to make a quick clearance before stock taking.

Many Skirt and Dress lengths in the lot.

Outing Flannel BLANKETS

COMFORTERS.

FURS
CLOAKS
SUITS
SKIRTS
BATH ROBES
WRAPPERS
WAISTS
SHOES,

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortably with a Jewett Reflex Heater.

Even if gas costs 20c per thousand, it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX than 15c gas in order makes. This is a positive fact, and REDFIELD, the HARDWARE DEALER, will prove it to you or refund your money. It beats using coal at any price.

All people have been more or less worried on the fuel subject. The JEWETT REFLEX will positively settle you worry in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a REFLEX because of its economy and HEATING POWER. Remember, your money back if you are not convinced.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 8 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—J. Colegrove has a new ad in this issue.

—The Smethport Lyceum will be completed by Feb. 20.

—"What was your gas bill?" is the usual salute these days.

—Andrew Carnegie will endow thirty more free libraries in the near future.

—School commenced on Monday after a two weeks' intermission for the holidays.

—W. V. Provin has moved his family into the Anderson house on Willow street.

—Mr. and Mrs. George W. Mitchell entertained a number of friends at cards last night.

—Frank McCarty is acting on the police force while M. J. Welch is taking a vacation.

—Miss Bessie Hussey pleasantly entertained a few friends at her home Monday evening.

—The members of the P. H. C. served refreshments after their regular meeting Tuesday evening.

—Shillenn & Torrence tell of their spring patterns for suits and overcoats in this issue. Look for the ad.

—The members of St. Elizabeth's Catholic church will give a fair in the new opera house in the near future.

—A bowling team from Bradford will test titles with T. H. Purtle's team at the athletic club alleys Saturday evening.

—A Bradford gas company has drilled in a big gas well near Roulette. It is doing 7,000,000 feet per day at the present time.

—M. J. Collins and Jas. Bedeaux of Duke Center have purchased the Grand Central Hotel at Eldred and took possession last Monday.

—At the Methodist church next Sunday morning the pastor's subject will be "Principle in Life." His evening subject is, "The Shortness of Life."

—On Saturday George W. Mitchell, the retiring prothonotary, was presented with a handsome cane as a token of the esteem of his employes in that office.

—D. M. Brasted advertises homemade bread in this issue. Mr. Brasted makes excellent bread and it is always a good idea to patronize a home industry.

—A literary treat that all can enjoy will be given at the Methodist church Thursday evening, Jan. 22nd, by A. Lincoln Kirk, an impersonator who has been before the public over fifteen years.

—The Smethport band serenaded Judges Thos. A. Morrison and Joseph W. Bouton and Sheriff Chas. E. Mays Tuesday evening.

—That recent stabbing affray at Kane furnishes an excellent opportunity for Vidocq Hungiville to display his latent detective abilities.

—Warner's business college could not fill a $50 position on Monday. His graduates are in demand and his school is growing rapidly.

—The illustrations in the Buffalo Sunday Courier were unusually good last week and the Courier always has good illustrations as well as excellent reading matter.

—James Cummings, of Kane, has been appointed station agent of the B., B. & K., at Smethport, in place of W. P. Walsh, who assumed his duties as county commissioner.—Kane Republican.

—The subject at the Baptist church next Sunday morning at 10:30 will be, "Concern for Others." Evening subject, "Not Far from the Kingdom." Sunday school immediately follows the morning service.

—Secret service men captured nine counterfeiters in Norristown and Wilmington last week, together with the whole outfit for making the bogus money. The parties arrested were Italians.

—Charles Haughney was admitted to the bar of McKean county as an attorney-at-law, on December 23. He has exceptional qualities for a lawyer and we predict a successful career for him. —Eldred Eagle.

—Kentucky tobacco growers have joined those of Ohio and Indiana in the fight against the tobacco trust. An association with a capital of $1,000,000 is to be formed for the purpose of controlling the tobacco leaf of the three states.

—Roy Carter, a resident of Smethport, where he was arrested and tried some time ago on a charge of arson, is now serving a 10-day sentence in the Bradford lockup for being drunk and carrying concealed weapons.—This morning's Era.

—The Young People's Society of the Baptist church will hold an "advertisement social" at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Green on Green street, just north of the church, on Saturday evening. All cordially invited. A good time for all.

—A dispatch from Norfolk, Va., dated Jan. 5, says: Thirteen dead and seven seriously injured, is the record made by the use of toy pistols in this city and vicinity, since Christmas day. The municipal authorities have ordered the confiscation of all firearms found in the possession of children. A bill has been prepared for the consideration of the legislature prohibiting the sale in the State of Virginia of firearms to any person under 16 years of age.

—Ladies' day at the athletic club bowling alleys every [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and enjoy the healthful exercise.

—In our account of the Frogs' banquet last week we neglected to mention that Supreme Croaker of the Universe Isaac Smythe Reynolds handed in his resignation and that Col. Christopher Columbus J. Jeffries Liberatti Swan was elected to fill the vacancy.

—Miss Lulu Shearon, city editor of the Bradford Sunday News, underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Bradford hospital Monday evening. Miss Shearon's condition at this writing is very serious, but her many friends in Smethport hope a change for the better will occur.

—The members of the Colegrove Pedro Club met in their room at Mr. Dennison's Thursday evening. The usual good time was participated in. Hans Hanson and Mrs. John Bahan received the "A" prizes, while the "congenial donkey" was corralled by Miss Beatrice McLaughlin.

—The McKEAN MINER is 40 years old and enjoying good health. It is a prosperous, popular and well conducted newspaper. The MINER is one of the Era's most valued exchanges and Editor Backus has the good wishes of this paper for the continuous success of his journalistic efforts.—Bradford Era.

—Miss Hattie Richardson, prima donna of the Wilbur Opera Company, took an overdose of laudanum at her rooms in the St. James Hotel, Bradford, last Thursday night, and for some time it was thought she would die but she finally recovered. Whether she took it by mistake or with suicidal intent is not known.

—The newly installed county commissioners have made the following appointments: Commissioners' clerk, S. D. Weaver, at an annual salary of $1,200 or raise of $100; county physician, Dr. H. L. McCoy; janitor of the court house, S. G. Bush; superintendent of the poor farm, Jonathan Colegrove; commissioners' attorney, Hon. T. F. Richmond.

—The clerk of courts in Allegheny county posted the following notice a few days before the new year: "Opportunity of a lifetime. Great bargain in marriage licenses until December 31 only. Price reduced from $1.00 to 49 cents. Green trading stamps given." It is said that the usual amount of business for that time of year was more than doubled.

—Argument court convened on Tuesday with Judge Joseph W. Bouton on the bench and he presided like a veteran on the bench. A majority of the cases on the argument list were continued, as Mr. Bouton had been retained as counsel in many of them, and they will have to be heard by another judge at some time in the near future, probably during the next civil term.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The old Christmas hymn, "Adeste Fideles," arranged by Novello for solo, duet, trio and chorus, will be sung at the morning service. The Epiphany anthem of the evening service will be Dr. F. R. Greenish's large work, "Awake, Put on Thy Strength," etc. (Isaiah 3, verses 1, 2, 7-9. This varied composition includes chorus, solo and chorale, and is a model of true sacred and descriptive music. The Epiphany lessons will be, "The Wise Men" and "The Star Leading to Worship."

—The bar association of McKean county held a meeting in the court house Tuesday to make arrangements for a banquet in honor of Hon. Thomas A. Morrison. It was decided to hold the banquet at the Holley in Bradford some time near January 27, and that all members of the McKean county bar and all registered law students, and the "wives or sweethearts" of either be invited to attend. The following committee was appointed to make definite arrangements: From Bradford, R. B. Stone, R. L. Edgett, F. P. Schoonmaker, Eugene Mullin; from Smethport, F. D. Gallup; from Kane, A. P. Huey; from Port Allegany, O. W. Catlin.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 3, 1903.

Wm. Emmons, G. P. Frederick, L. D. Schlosser, Miss Mabel Schener, Valentine Bros., Grover Vansickle, Rubin Vansickle, A. Watkins.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Display of the I. C. S.

The International Correspondence Schools, which are the largest industrial science schools in the world, are giving a display of text books, instruments used by students, and photographs of their famous schools in the windows of Wm. Monheimer's store. The school, 497,000 students enrolled for instruction, is represented under every flag in the world.

For an oyster stew or a cup of good coffee, go to Petersons' restaurant.

See the I. C. S. display in Wm. Monheimer's window.

Deposits Over $10 000.000

Pittsburg Trust Company has capital, surplus and profits exceeding $6,000,000. Pays 4 per cent. interest on Savings Deposits, subject to withdrawal of $100 without notice, and 2 per cent. on Checking Accounts. Interest compounded semi-annually. Do all your banking by mail. Send for two-hundred year calendar free. 323 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION.

I. L. Ryan of [illegible] was a visitor in town last week.

Miss Reta [illegible] is visiting friends in Newark, Ohio.

Hon. and Mrs. T. A. Morrison visited Buffalo this week.

S. F. Redfield returned Monday from a trip to New York.

Orlo J. Hamlin left this morning for Syracuse, N. Y., on a business mission.

Mrs. George Shillenn is in Punxsutawney on a two weeks' visit among friends.

Herman Grabe of Tonawanda, N. Y., was a guest of friends in town over Sunday.

Attorney O. W. Catlin of Port Allegany was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Attorneys G. A. Berry and R. L. Edgett of Bradford had business in town this week.

Miss Ethel Gifford, who is teaching school at Portville, spent Sunday with her parents in town.

Sheldon Jewett of Custer City had business in town on Monday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Miss Sadie Connolly returned to Newark, Ohio, on Monday, after a two weeks' visit with her parents.

Attorney John R. Haughney of Eldred had business in town Tuesday, and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mr and Mrs. J. W. Wardner of St. Regis Fall, N. Y., are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Denning.

Mrs. G. H. Denning and daughter, Reta, returned home last Thursday, after a week's visit with Eldred friends.

Miss Stella Grace Hinman departed yesterday for Lock Haven, where she will attend the winter and spring terms of the State Normal school.

Mrs. A. Ross and daughter and Mrs. Peter Hannis, who were visiting Mrs. J. H. Green, returned to their home in Allegany, N. Y., on Monday.

Col. and Mrs. M. M. Gillette and infant daughter, who have been spending the holidays in town, returned to their home in Newark, Ohio, on Monday.

Dr. F. R. Young is home from New York. For the past two years the doctor has been engaged in hospital work in New York and has received much valuable experience in his profession.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Union Aid Society in which are vested the property and interests of the Union church of East Smethport, occurred last Sunday at 3:30 p. m. in the church.

The following were elected trustees for the ensuing year: Geo. W. King, Allan Oviatt, J. H. Stull, Henry Evans, N. U. Hyde, W. I. Oviatt and Mrs. O. D. Bush. Some changes and improvements in the practical operations of the society were proposed and the society adjourned to meet next Sunday afternoon at the same hour. At this meeting it is proposed to elect the following officers: President, vice president, secretary, treasurer, financial secretary, finance committee and organist. All persons interested in the religious welfare of East Smethport are urged to attend this meeting.

Change of Time.

The morning preaching service at the Baptist church will hereafter begin at 10:30 instead of 11 a. m. The Sunday school, which has heretofore met at 10 a. m., will meet at 11:45 a. m., immediately following the preaching service.

Farm for Rent.

The Bayer farm in Sergeant township, one mile from Clermont, is offered for rent. Tenant must take possession this spring; all the necessary farming implements will be rented with the farm. The farm will be rented only to one who will engage to keep stock.

L. BAYER ESTATE.

Clermont, Pa., Jan. 5. 1903.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's For-malde-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Wanted—Young woman to show line of imported shirt waist materials to representative people in Smethport. Profitable for right person. Address with references The W. H. Wilcox Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Buy a Food Chopper. It will save its cost many times. Holmes & Gilfillan.

For an oyster stew or a cup of good coffee, go to Petersons' restaurant.

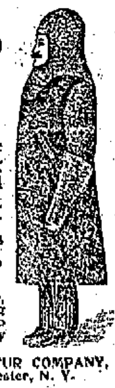
If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.

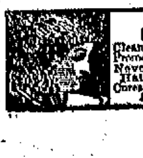
SEND US A COW,

Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of hide or skin, and let us tan it with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof, for robe, rug, coat or gloves.

But first get our Catalogue, giving prices, and our shipping tags and instructions, so as to avoid mistakes. We also buy raw furs.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY, 116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.





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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS. CARPETS. MEN'S FURNISHINGS. CARPETS MADE FREE.

SKIRT SALE.

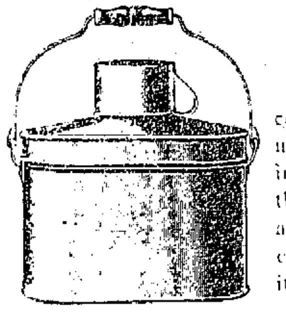
To-day we commence our Inventory clearing sale of dependable, ready-to-wear WALKING and DRESS skirts.

At inventory time we want our stocks down to the lowest notch. It hastens the work and puts us in position to receive immense stocks of new spring goods a little later. Every garment is worthy and at such prices as these should quickly change hands.

$3.00 and $3.25 regular values. Special at $2.25.
$3.50 " " " " $2.50.
$4.00 and $4.25 " " " " $3.00.
$4.50 " $5.00 " " " " $3.50.
$5.50 " $6.00 " " " " $4.25.
$8.00 " " " " $6.00.

FRY & HERZOG.

A Full Dinner Pail.



That is one made of Full Weight

ANTI-RUST TIN.

Hand made. Oval in shape. Two convenient trays inside which may be used or not, as desired. Coffee goes in the bottom. No trouble to clean the pail. Extra heavy drinking cup; also sauce cup. The seamless cover closes down over the outside making it tight. Warranted never to rust.

ANTI-RUSTING TINWARE

is the kind that costs the least in the end. We have the full line. An absolute guarantee against rusting with every piece.

DISH PANS

warranted not to break out around the ears or crack down the sides for THREE YEARS. See our Anti Rust Basin at 10c. a bargain.

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Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa McKean County.

Parties Using The Monarch Water Heater

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L. E. Hamsher
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C. P. Collins
D. H. Jack
Charles Lavens
David Phillips
R. J. Gaffney
W. J. Bovaird
John Eckhart
Philip Nusbaum
John Wiess
John Bird
T. J. Melvin
E. N. Unruh
O. F. Schonblom
O. F. Spencer
S. A. Mundy
Charles Brown
George Mills
Ike Ralph
George Fagnan
D. McLaughlin

In Smethport
County Home
F. D. Gallup
J. W. Bouton
Dr. H. L. McCoy
Dr. E. R. Baker
Robert King
George W. Mitchell
Orlo J. Hamlin

In Bradford
W. R. Weaver
C. V. Merrick
Dore C. Greenewald
Miss Zella Haffey
A. E. Harper
Wm. Hadley
James George
E. W. Bissett
Mrs. T. E. McCray
John Haggerty
D. W. Robertson
Milt Melvin
Frank Hamilton
Joseph Kilgore
Claude Mitchell
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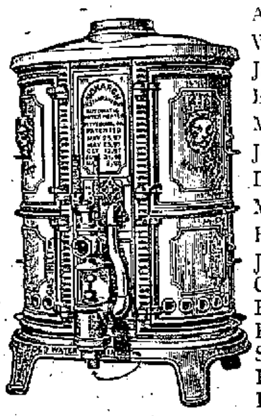

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Our Regular Annual Clean-up Sale Has Commenced.

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In fact, everything goes. It means a saving to you to

"See Sloan First."

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16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

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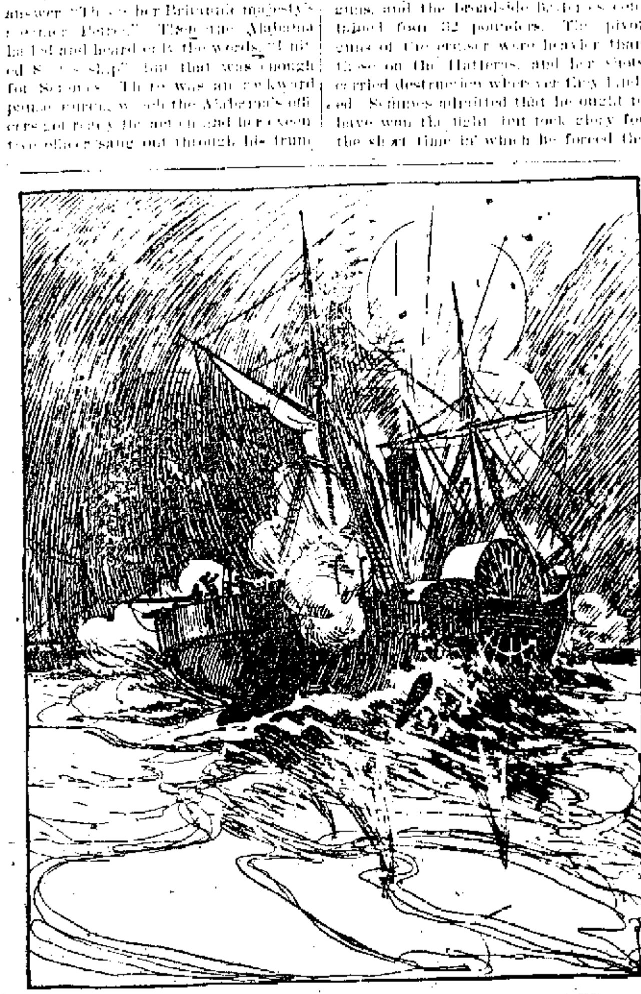
A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

8, 1863



THE HATTERAS FIRING A SIGNAL GUN OF SURRENDER.

[Copyright 1902 by G. L. Kilmer.]

SUNDAY afternoon the 11th of January, 1863, the Confederate cruiser Alabama was sighted by the Federal blockading fleet off the port of Galveston. Captain Semmes of the Alabama had steered his course for Galveston in the expectation of stirring adventures with the enemy's transport ships which he supposed to be in the harbor of Galveston. To his surprise he found warships guarding the port, and also to his surprise as well as satisfaction the outlook in the cruiser's tops called out in succession, "Sail ho!" and, "One of the steamers, sir, is coming out in chase of us." Semmes decided to be chased until he had lured the stranger away from her consorts.

Using her sails and a small head of steam, the Alabama drew the stranger, which proved to be the United States steam gunboat Hatteras, a distance of twenty miles from the rest of the fleet. Then the sails were furled on the cruiser, the crew summoned to quarters, and her head put about as a signal for combat. The ships kept themselves [illegible] within 100 yards of each other, when the Hatteras hailed and received the answer "This is her Britannic majesty's steamer Petrel." Then the Alabama hailed and heard only the words "United States ship," but that was enough for Semmes. There was an awkward pause during which the Alabama's officers got ready the men and her executive sang out through his trumpet, "This is the Confederate States steamer Alabama," while a broadside from the guns emphasized the startling message.

Captain Blake of the Hatteras was not deceived by the ruse of denying colors. He had come out expecting to meet the Alabama, and his men stood at the guns. The Confederate broadside was instantly returned. Blake was anxious to fight, for his ship was foul and in poor trim for a long chase. He tried to lay the Hatteras alongside of the cruiser and attack by boarders, but the Alabama was the fleeter ship and kept out of reach of her antagonist. However, the ships were only thirty yards apart at one time, and the fighting men aboard exchanged pistol and musket shots.

After the failure to board, the ships steamed along on parallel lines, fighting broadside to broadside. Semmes' crew handled their guns with spirit, for it was the first fight of the cruiser, her previous adventures while crossing the Atlantic from England having been the capture of unarmed ships flying the United States flag.

The shells of the Hatteras tore several holes in the cruiser, one at the water line, but the damage didn't cripple her fighting powers. But the Hatteras was severely punished from the start. She was not in the first class as a warship and soon took fire in two places from the enemy's shells. One shell smashed her steam cylinder, filling the engine room and deck with steam, and another smashed the walking beam, making her engine useless.

Blake quickly saw that the Alabama was more than his match, but he hoped to prolong the fight until his consorts reached the scene. But calamities greater than the firing of the ship and the loss of the engine power soon followed. Several of the Alabama's shells crashed through the Hatteras at the water line, and the water rushed in in a flood which threatened to sink the ship. The loss of the steam cylinder disabled the pumps and also crippled the steering machinery. Meanwhile the Alabama kept at a safe distance and so maneuvered as to rake the hapless Federal across the deck.

With the pumps disabled Blake had no means of fighting the fire, which was nearing the magazine. To save the ship from explosion he flooded the ammunition chamber. This rendered the guns useless. The ship was slowly sinking. Every moment of delay in the catastrophe meant the saving of lives, and Blake ordered the guns not engaged to be cast overboard to lighten ship. At the same time a gun fired to leeward announced to the Alabama that the Hatteras gave up the fight.

From the firing of Semmes' first broadside to the boom of the gun of surrender was only thirteen minutes. Semmes instantly ceased firing and the Alabama's crew gave a rousing cheer for their first victory. The Alabama steamed rapidly up to the Hatteras, and Semmes formally asked if the ship had surrendered. Blake replied that she had. Semmes then asked if he could render any assistance and upon learning from Captain Blake that the Hatteras was going down sent off boats, which, with those of the Hatteras, took off all the crew and officers, over a hundred in all. Five of the Hatteras' crew had been wounded and two killed.

The Alabama and Hatteras were fairly matched in the number of guns and fighting force. Each carried eight guns, and the broadside batteries contained four 32 pounders. The pivot guns of the cruiser were heavier than those on the Hatteras, and her shots carried destruction wherever they landed. Semmes admitted that he ought to have won the fight, but took glory for the short time in which he forced the enemy to strike. The distance between the ships during the action varied from twenty-five to a hundred yards.

Semmes didn't tarry in the gulf waters after he saw the Hatteras go down. His outlook had sighted five Federal ships in the bunch from which the Hatteras had cut loose to take up the chase, and the wily sailor rightly surmised that the ships had not lain to to await the result of the Hatteras' chase. In fact, three steamers besides the Hatteras had steamed in pursuit of the strange sail, and when they saw her making off in a diagonal course scattered in order to be sure of overhauling her. These three passed on either side of the scene of battle some hours after it was over. But they saw no enemy, neither fell in with a trace of the Hatteras until on the return next day the tops of the royal masts were seen just above water. This grim discovery caused the whole Federal blockading fleet off Galveston to steam away again down the gulf in hot haste to overtake the cruiser, but the Alabama, crowding on all sail and using her powerful steam machinery, which lay below the water line and passed unscathed through the fight, was already a hundred miles off, heading for the passage of the Yucatan, with gallant Blake and his crew prisoners of war.

There was a pleasing after incident to this thrilling sea battle while the cruiser lay at a neutral port in Jamaica waiting to exchange prisoners. Semmes gave his sailors shore leave in groups, and each Johnnie took along a Yank to share his amusements. Thus the men who had recently given one another the best they had in their lockers were hobnobbing together along the quay resorts of Kingston, the victors in battle paying the piper, for the Yanks had lost all when the Hatteras went down.

One day the band of the British steamer Greyhound played the tune of "Dixie," much to the offense of Captain Blake, and he sent a protest to the British admiral. The admiral took his own way of making amends, and when next the concert hour arrived the band led off with "God Save the Queen," following with "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle," all of which the English, Confederate and Federal sailors in the port welcomed by enthusiastic cheers.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

10c. 25c. 50c. BEST FOR THE BOWELS All Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Don't Accept a Substitute!

When you ask for Cascarets be sure you get the genuine Cascarets Candy Cathartic! Don't accept fraudulent substitutes, imitations or counterfeits! Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

MEDICINE IN THE ANDES.

Peculiar Properties of the Herbs the Indian Doctors Use.

An interesting character frequently met with in the Andes is the callagnayas, or Indian doctor. He is everywhere and is [illegible] to be a fortune teller, conjurer and magician. His knowledge of botany is as mysterious as it is comprehensive, and the most astonishing stories are told of his cures.

A man in Lima was lying at the point of death with a disease which baffled physicians who brought diplomas from the medical schools of Paris and Vienna. One evening two of the physicians stood talking of the case at the sick man's door, without noticing a humble, bare-footed Indian who leaned against the wall. As they departed the Indian entered the patio and asked to see the sick man. The family referred him to the attending doctor, who, amazed at his audacity, exclaimed:

"What do you know about a disease that puzzles the best physicians in Lima?"

"I have herbs that will cure everything," said the callagnayas.

The doctor smiled in scorn and turned away. The Indian opened his pack, took from a paper a single leaf and handed it to the physician, asking him to smell it. He did so, and instantly his nose began to bleed, and he was unable to stop it.

The Indian stood stolidly by for a time, then handed him another leaf, saying, "Smell that and the bleeding will stop."

The result was what he promised and the physician was interested. In the end the callagnayas saw the sick man. He selected herbs from his stock, brewed a tea and gave it to the patient and the sick man recovered.—Between the Andes and the Ocean."

A Marvel of Science.

During a visit to the south with an eclipse expedition some years ago an eminent American professor met an old negro servant whose duty it was to look after the chickens of the establishment where he was staying. The day before the eclipse took place the professor in an idle moment called the old man to him and said, "Sam, if, tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock you watch your chickens you will find they will all go to roost."

Sam was skeptical, of course, but when at the appointed time next day the sun in the heavens was darkened and the chickens retired to roost the negro's astonishment knew no bounds. He approached the professor in awed wonder. "Massa," he asked, "how long ago did you know dat dem chickens would go to roost?"

"Oh, a long time," said the professor airily.

"Did you know it a year ago, massa?"

"Yes."

"Then dat beats de debbil!" exclaimed the astonished old man. "Dem chickens weren't hatched a year ago!"

No Laundries in China.

"It's the funniest thing to me," said an old sea captain who for many years was in the China trade, "that nine out of every ten Chinamen who come to this country open laundries and engage in a business which does not exist in their native land.

"As every one knows, the Chinese at home wear soft cotton and woolen garments, according to the season, and there is not a pound of starch in all China. Stiffly starched clothes are unknown, and the Chinese men do not do the washing as they do in this country. Neither is there any regular laundry in the Flowery Kingdom. Therefore it is more than passing strange that Chinamen should all come to America and engage in a trade so foreign to their home industries."—Baltimore Sun.

Disguised Hands Always Bad.

"Here is a truth," says a handwriting expert in the Philadelphia Record, "that is as widespread as the ether: A disguised hand always tries to be poorer than the real hand. That axiom is a great help to us experts. For instance, when a letter done in a disguised hand is brought to us we always know that the writer of the letter is in a higher station than the hand would lead us to infer; hence in our detective work we are able to save much valuable time by eliminating all persons socially below the appearance of the letter and concentrating our attention on those only who are above it."

Astounding Memories.

Horace Vernet is the best example of visual memory. He could paint a striking portrait of a man, life size, after having once looked at his model. Mozart had a great musical memory. Having heard twice the "Miserere" in the Sistine chapel, he wrote down the full score of it. There are soloists who during twenty-four hours can play the composition of other masters without ever skipping a note.

A Difference.

"Actors are not much like ships," remarked Hamlett Egg thoughtfully.

"Why this observation?" inquired Brutus De Trick.

"Well," answered Egg, "ships are sometimes stranded on the rocks. Actors are stranded because of a lack of rocks."—New York Times.

Parental Discipline.

Nervous Parent—Stop that! Haven't I told you the last fifty times I had to correct you for that I wouldn't speak to you again about it?—Los Angeles Herald.

By a series of elaborate experiments a scientist has come to the conclusion that bees are not so intelligent as house flies.

F. W. CROWLEY,

Fine Tailoring,

ELDRED, PA.

Our facilities are unexcelled. Satisfaction guaranteed.

VICARIOUS RESTITUTION.

The Preacher Got the Hens and the Decree Was Revoked.

Not long since a [illegible] colored preacher who [illegible] people on the [illegible] lying, thievishness [illegible] because of a great wave of lying and stealing that was sweeping over the city. Among other things, he said:

"No longer'n las' night some one come an' stole de las' two chickins dat me an' mah ole 'oman had. I b'lieves de thief is in dis house right now, an' I hereby countersigns him to evalastin' punishment. De nigger dat stole dem chickins is a gwinter burn fur it sho. Yo' hyeah me? De 'cree has gone forth!"

Next morning a colored man with two fine hens came up to the preacher's door. He said:

"Parson, hyeah's yo' chickins."

"No, sah," said the preacher, eying the chickens closely, "dese ain't mah chickins."

"I knows dey ain't perzactly yo'wn," explained the parishioner, "but dese is to tek de place of yo'wn. Yo' chickins wuz et up 'fo' de 'cree went forth an' las' night after I went to bed my conshuns hurt me so tell I had to git up an' go down to Marse Bob's house an' git two mo' chickins. Parson, do tek dese chickins, an' fur de Lawd's sake tek dat 'cree back too."—Lippincott's.

English Deer Hunting.

The hunting of the deer begins in November, and it is said they often take as keen an interest in the hunt as their pursuers. The hounds are never allowed to kill them, and the same ones are often run for several successive years. Twenty five of the heifers and does are selected for the season's sport, and two are usually run in a week. The one chosen for the day is drawn in a quiet looking two wheeled covered cart to the appointed place. The back of the cart is lowered until it is level with the ground. When the door is opened the deer steps out, sniffs the air, with his head up, and takes a sweeping glance around before he is away like a shot. He is given five minutes' "law," while the well trained hounds and horses stand tremblingly impatient to be off in pursuit.

The old English staghounds have become extinct, and foxhounds, bred for the purpose of the chase, have succeeded them. So fleet are they that the horses become jaded in their efforts to keep up with them.—Century.

London Church Curiosities.

In St. Dionis, in Fenchurch street, there are four monster syringes, which were at one time the only form of fire brigade appliances in London. The celebrated golden tombstone in St. Katharine's, Regent's park, is very well known. It is a tombstone, or rather, a small slab of pure gold, surrounded by an oak frame. Many people are unaware that the body of Nell Gwynn reposes in a vault in St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and a still larger number of persons are ignorant of the fact that beneath the same church there is still in existence the old parish whipping post. Beneath St. Etheldreda's church, in Ely place, is the only subterranean place of worship in London. It is a completely furnished chapel with sitting accommodations for 200 people. St. Etheldreda's is the oldest Roman Catholic church in England.

Needed a Rest.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career," says the poet. The truth of the saying was impressed on an Arkansas family by Lulu, their colored cook. She was fat, lazy and "notional," says Harper's Magazine, but her cooking was perfect, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawton ignored her whims and reduced her work to minimum.

Good cooks were so hard to get that the question of adding a feather's weight to Lulu's duties was discussed in a subdued whisper. One day Lulu resigned her position.

"Why, Lulu," asked Mrs. Lawton, "what is the matter? Is the work too hard for you?"

"Well, ma'am," replied Lulu, "I'm all tired out. I'm going home and take in washing and rest up."

An Ancient Greek Relic.

As a memorial of their victory in their final and desperate struggle at Palatea to hurl back the invading east, the ancient Greeks made a tripod from the golden cups of the Persians' table and the bronze of their soldiers' armor. It bore on its sides the names of every city whose soldiers fought and fell in the supreme moment of a nation's life. That tripod still exists at Constantinople, a national relic which has endured longer than the states whose deeds it consecrated.

Quite Prosaic.

Mr. Farwest—I met my old schoolmate, Lakeside, today for the first time in an age, and I thought from the way he acted when I mentioned you that you and he must have had some romance or other before we met.

Mrs. Farwest—No romance about it. We were married for a few years; that's all.—New York Weekly.

Short Method.

Caller—Mr. Sharpe, I have come to ask your advice as to the quickest way to be relieved from my debts?

Lawyer (thinking for a moment of something else)—Pay them.—Chicago Tribune.

She Had Him.

He—Carrie, I believe you think I'm a fool.

She—And yet you say I'm always in the wrong.—Boston Transcript.

Among the curios of Windsor castle is a chair made out of the trunk of the famous elm by which Wellington stood at the battle of Waterloo.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.

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Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Member of Assembly—E. A. Boyne, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Alex. F. Hungiville, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broiler.
Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport; B. G. Bartlett, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yeadon.
Justices—B. E. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. S. Snyder, treasurer; L. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Balliet, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Hiller.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Lawson, Alex. Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, E. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at [illegible] o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GEO. W. MITCHELL, W. M.
A. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets every evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second, 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
W[illegible], N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. F. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
CH. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. P. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
Morris F. Pierce, Com.
Lizzie F. Hooker, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3:00 p. m., in the M. E. chapel.
MISS S. A. SCULL, Pres't.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
G. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
JOHN BENDER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m., Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elisabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.
Train 126, week days..........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south.

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York [illegible] a. m., week days, [illegible] Baltimore [illegible] Washington [illegible] Pullman sleeping cars [illegible]

[illegible]

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days Du Bois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:30 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate points.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	Week days. STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	12 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 49
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 38
10 20	Straight	11 30
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 3[illegible]	Smiths Run	11 1[illegible]
10 38	Woodvale	11 [illegible]
10 45	Clermont	11 [illegible]
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:48 a. m., for Kane and intermediate points, arriving at Kane at [illegible] p. m., and at Ridgway with train [illegible] leaving Ridgway 12 [illegible] p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points [illegible] leaving Ridgway at 3:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

B. & K. RAILWAY

TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1902.

SOUTHBOUND.

STATIONS	1	3	5	7	9
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
[illegible]	7 10	10 15	1 20	4 10	6 [illegible]
[illegible]	8 10	10 52	1 58	4 48	6 [illegible]
[illegible]	8 24	11 02	2 02	4 52	6 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	11 15	2 07	4 57	7 [illegible]
[illegible]	8 25	11 00	2 14	5 01	7 05
[illegible]	8 35	11 29	2 25	5 15	7 [illegible]
[illegible] Ar.	9 00	11 55	2 50	5 40	7 40
Lv.	9 00	11 45	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	9 [illegible]	11 50	2 55	5 47	7 [illegible]
Ar.	9 40	12 25	3 35	6 25	8 [illegible]
Lv.	9 50		4 30		
[illegible]	10 10		4 55		
[illegible]	10 41		5 20		
[illegible]	11 [illegible]		6 17		

STATIONS	25
	A. M.
[illegible]	[illegible]

	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.

NORTHBOUND.

STATIONS	2	4	6	8	26
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Lv.				7 30	3 2[illegible]
[illegible]				8 30	4 2[illegible]
[illegible]				9 30	5 1[illegible]
[illegible]				11 15	7 0[illegible]
[illegible]				11 30	7 1[illegible]
[illegible]				12 15	8 0[illegible]
[illegible]				12 32	8 [illegible]
[illegible]				12 45	8 [illegible]
[illegible]				12 48	8 [illegible]
[illegible]				1 15	
[illegible]				1 34	
[illegible]			8 15	2 15	
[illegible]			9 [illegible]	3 [illegible]	
[illegible]			9 [illegible]	3 25	
Ar.			10 [illegible]	3 57	

STATIONS	2	4	6	8	10
					P. M.
Lv.	7 25	10 10	1 15	4 05	2 50
[illegible]	8 [illegible]	10 40	1 54	4 40	3 [illegible]
[illegible]	8 [illegible]	11 20	1 45	5 15	4 [illegible]
Ar.	9 [illegible]	11 50	2 50	5 40	
Lv.	9 [illegible]	10 45	1 50	4 40	
[illegible]	8 44	11 35	2 35	5 24	4 1[illegible]
[illegible]	8 [illegible]	11 37	2 42	5 30	4 17
[illegible]	8 [illegible]	11 42	2 47	5 35	4 22
[illegible]	9 [illegible]	11 48	2 53	5 40	4 29
Ar.	9 [illegible]	12 [illegible]	3 25	6 10	5 0[illegible]
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

[illegible] Sunday only.
[illegible]
[illegible] Daily, except between Ormsby and [illegible] on Sundays.
All other trains Daily except Sunday.
JNO. C. McKENNA, Gen. Pass. Agent.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule Effective June 28, 1902.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1.10	8.10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	8.00	12.00	
5.21	1.50	8.31	Hazelhurst	7.36	11.36	4.26
5.29	2.05	8.37	Marvindale	7.29	11.29	4.19
5.32	2.10	8.40	Kasson	7.25	11.25	4.15
5.37	2.17	8.47	Cooles	7.18	11.18	4.08
				7.10		
6.05	2.30	9.14	Smethport	p. m.		
				7.15	11.10	3.40
8 18	2.43	9.27	Farmers Valley	7.03	10.58	3.28
6.25	2.49	9.34	Corryville	6.56	10.51	3.21
6.31	2.55	9.40	Larrabee	6.50	10.46	3.15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down			STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up	
P.M.	A.M.			P.M.	A.M.
7.40	11.30		Clermont	7.00	8.35
7.59	11.52		Wellendorf	6.28	8.17
8.12	12.06		Wildwood	6.40	8.04
8.22	12.19		North Fork	5.38	7.58
8.29	12.28		Bear Run	5.26	7.47
		AM			PM
8.47	12.50		St. Marys	4.50	7.25
9.07	2.50	7.38	St. Marys	11.02	6.47
	2.52	7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17	8.03	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.21	8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00	8.46	Elbon	9.59	5.44
	4.05	8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM			PM	AM
	6.03		St. Marys	6.08	
8.05	6.30		Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00		Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05		Weedville	5.05	7.05

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt. C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS. Ar Dp	L'v Westward. A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.05	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	11.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couda'pt	o	3.28	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS

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QUEEN MARY ANN

By Mabel Follin Smith

Copyright, 1901,
By Mabel Follin Smith

MARY ANN was ironing vigorously when I entered.

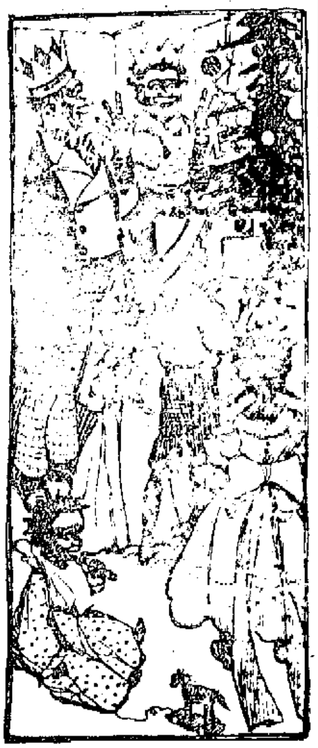
"Miss Clare," she said, "which name do you like best for a girl, Irene or Maud?"

"I really don't know," I said. "They are both pretty."

"I like fine names," said Mary Ann. "They don't cos' no mo' than common ones. All my chillen has splendid names the best I could find. An' I was thinkin' if I had another baby what would I name it. If it's a boy, I'll name him Romney. I like Romney; it sounds fine. But if it's a girl I hasn't decided between Maud an' Irene."

"Yes, your children have fine names, Mary Ann. Where did you find them?"

"I found 'em all in novels, Miss Clare. When I was a girl down there on the old plantation in Virginia, my missus—Miss Clayton—she had all the novels I guess that ever was printed, an' I read all of 'em that had purty paper covers printed in red an' blue an' yaller. Hasn't you noticed that a novel ain't real good unless it has a heap of color on the cover? Them plain covered novels deals too much with po' folks. Laws, I don't have no occasion to read about po' folks. I sees enough of them. What's the name of this here English novel writer the white folks talk so much about?"



"WE HAD A REAL NICE CHRIS'MUS TREE."

"George Eliot?" I ventured.

"No, not him. It's somethin' like Dickson or Dickerson."

"Dickens?" I said.

"Yes, that's the name. Now, I tried to read one of Mr. Dickens' novels, an' he started off with a po' boy livin' with a blacksmith. That was enough for me. I don't want to read about paupers an' blacksmiths. Why, I can see a blacksmith right down the street here in this village, an' the po'house back of Tarrytown is jes' filled with paupers.

"I wants to read about rich folks an' lords an' ladies an' princes, livin' in style; about how the Prince Mortimer rides up to the castle on his gayly comparisoned horse an' carries off the Lady Grenadine, an' how the ole lord follers 'em with a hunderd men in armor, an' how Prince Mortimer gets away an' has the laugh on his father-in-law; about the grand balls an' maskerades; about people who uses fine words an' men that's always bowin' an' scrapin' befo' the ladies an' fightin' over 'em an' worshipin' 'em; about fine ladies in fine clothes, with nothin' to bother 'em but a whole lot of men makin' love to 'em.

"Yes, I learned a heap from them novels. From 'em I named my oldest boy Roland, an' the next Rupert, an' the last one Aubrey. An' then I named the girls Claudia an' Lucille an' Rosalind an' Geraldine. Them names do sound grand, don't they?

"To tell you the truth, Miss Clare, I do like things fine an' grand. I ain't got no patience with common things. If I was white an' rich, I'd put on mo' style than 'most any white woman in New York, I reckon. I wouldn't be afraid to wear di'monds in the daytime, an' lots of 'em, an' feathers an' lace an' furs. An' I'd carry my head high an' throw out my chest an' try to look distinguished, I tell you."

And Mary Ann did draw her full figure "to its full height," as they say in the novels, as she walked from the stove to the ironing table with sparkling eyes and a distinguished air, laughing merrily and thereby showing a mouth full of fine teeth.

I had known that Mary Ann, a mulatto with a nice figure and comely features, was good looking, but I had not realized her possibilities in the way of style before.

"My lovin' grand things don't come so much from the novels I've read as from my 'magination. I don't suppose if I was white I could have mo' 'magination than I has.

"You see, in my 'magination I can be jes' as rich an' fine an' white. Why, I am jes' jes' as [illegible] as white folks, Miss Clare, an' pretty an' young.

"An' then [illegible] good times I have in my 'magination. I don't have the trouble that goes with really havin' things. I build great, big, splendid houses, palaces an' castles, an' then I jes' let 'em go an' don't bother about repairin' 'em or payin' taxes. When I wants another house, I jes' build it out of my mind. That's a good deal easier an' cheaper than takin' care of the old ones."

And Mary Ann laughed as she moistened her finger and tried the heat of the iron.

"None of my horses ever has the colic or goes lame," she continued, "an' nobody has any finer ones. You jes' ought to see me sailin' in my 'magination through Fifth avenoo behind my prancin' steeds, while people stop to look at me an' say, 'I wonder who that gorgeous an' lovely creachure is.'

"An' then the travelin'! While I'm washin' an' ironin' here in this ole laundry I jes' soar off to Saratogy an' Newport an' England an' Paris an' Asia an' Afriky. Well, no, I don't go much to Afriky. It ain't stylish enough for me. But I go to the north pole hot days jes' to cool off. I don't find no difficulty in reachin' the pole. I've climbed that pole many a time in my 'magination."

And Mary Ann again laughed merrily over the pleasant pictures which she had drawn.

"Did I ever tell you about the fun we had last Chris'mus, Miss Clare? I didn't? Well, I must tell you about that.

"You see, we was kind of po' last Chris'mus. [illegible] folks had done gone to the city, an' I hadn't no extra work, an' the [illegible] all needed winter clothes, an' we had only 45 cents left for Chris'mus, an' Peter he said that [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 'Now, chillen, we ain't got very much for Chris'mus—that is, not much actually—an' so we must draw on our minds for what we need. Now, just follow my lead, an' we'll have the greatest Chris'mus that ever any family ever had with only 45 cents.'

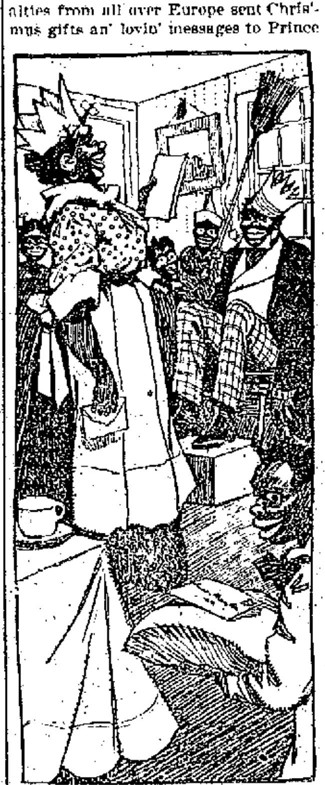
"I'd bought some stick candy an' a little cheap present for each one, an' then I brought out a package of old letters my sister had writ to me from home in Virginia.

"'Now, chillen,' I said, 'I want you to understand that all through this Chris'mus I'm a queen, an' poppy he's a king, an' you're all princes an' princesses, an' that we're to have everything to eat an' drink an' wear an' look at that the mind can think of.'

"They all sent up a whoop an' seemed mightily tickled, an' Roland, he says: 'Mommer, you're to be Queen Mary Ann, an' poppy he's to be King Peter—no,' says he, 'poppy's to be Peter the Great. I've just been readin' about Peter the Great at school.'

"Then I takes up the bundle of letters, an' I says, 'We must first read the congratulations of the season from our friends.' The first letter I read was from Queen Victoria—that was before the queen died, you know—to Queen Mary Ann, callin' me her dear cousin an' honored friend an' tellin' me that she had sent me a diamond necklace worth $700,000 as a testimonial of her undyin' love an' affection.

"An' then the Prince of Wales wrote to King Peter the Great, sendin' him valuable presents, includin' some elephants an' tigers. An' then all the royalties from all over Europe sent Chris'mus gifts an' lovin' messages to Prince Roland an' Prince Rupert an' Prince Aubrey an' the Princesses Claudia an' Lucille an' Rosalind an' Geraldine.

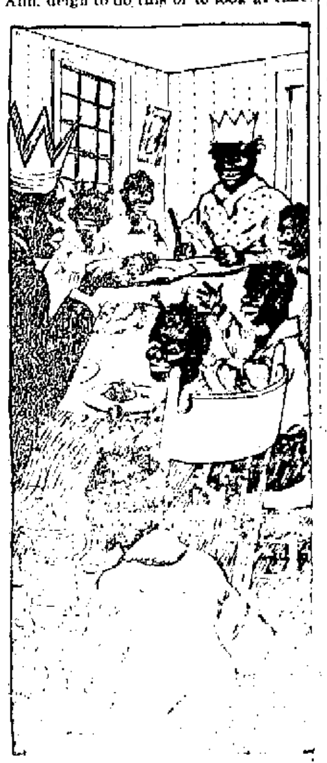


"SHE HAD SENT ME A DIAMOND NECKLACE WORTH $700,000."

"Then after awhile we got down to the presents an' letters from our humble subjects at home in America that sent their love to the lovely an' noble Queen Mary Ann, to the brave an' august King Peter the Great an' to all the noble, imperial an' royal princes an' princesses.

"An' then we had the Chris'mus feast. I ordered up all the royal porters an' waiters an' butlers to set the royal table, an' the royal beggars to [illegible], an' the royal servin' men to serve all the [illegible] an' drinks to [illegible] all our royal an' noble [illegible]. An' we eat an' we drunk an' feasted on all of the finest things we could think about, an' none of us was sick from overeatin' afterward. That's one of the good p'ints about feastin' in your 'magination, Miss Clare. There ain't no injurious consequences afterward to your indigestion.

"Oh, we had a great time! We spoke to each other nice an' polite. 'Will our royal mommer, the noble Queen Mary Ann, deign to do this or to look at that?'



Will [illegible] favor [illegible] on.

"Whatever we wanted [illegible] in our minds [illegible] before, [illegible] we'd had all to spend it wouldn't have been better."

The Mischievous Emu.

Down through the meadows we come to the playground of the poet Shelley, where the old mill still stands, its grinding stones propped against its sides, quietly registering the flight of time. Swans glide to and fro upon the pond or rest upon its edge. Black and white rabbits scurry across the wooded paths. Fantailed pigeons disport upon the lawn. In the tall grass tiny fawns feign sleep, while furtively watching with half closed eye, and everywhere the mischievous emu stalks about in conscious pride of his importance in this strange land.

Being a special aversion of the gamekeeper's, this bird takes apparent delight in annoying him in every way. Prying about until he finds a choice nest of pheasant's eggs, he dispatches the dainty morsels instantly, thereby destroying the hopes of both keeper and hen. Every effort to break him of this pernicious habit has been unsuccessful. Once the keeper resolved upon a plan which he thought would without doubt prove effectual. Having hard boiled a number of eggs, he carried them in steaming hot water to the field and placed them before the ever ready emu. Much to his surprise, the dishes seemed to appeal strongly to the voracious appetite of the bird, for in a twinkling they were gone, a seeming look of wonder accompanying his grateful appreciation of this unusual attention.—Century Magazine.

Profanity In Europe.

The most ordinary conversation in Spain is rarely carried on without oaths being interpolated, and invocations of saints and expressions which border on swearing are common even on the lips of ladies. Spanish workmen do not understand an order unless it is delivered to them with a strong garnishing of profanity; masters swear at their servants, ladies at their children, schoolmasters at their scholars and officers at their men. It must be remembered that all over the continent profanity is more common than in England. In Germany even it is not uncommon to hear schoolmasters swear at the boys, a state of things unheard of and impossible here, while both in France and Italy oaths are taken as a matter of course and applied equally to man and beast. At the same time it should be remembered that most continental "cuss words" are not taken so seriously as ours.—London Answers.

A Humorist on Marriage.

Marriage, if not carried to excess, is a wise provision and sacred obligation. Marry your opposite as far as possible, especially as regards sex. You will never regret it. If possible, marry above your station. Both of you should do this; it is sure to advance your race. Do not marry a foreigner unless highly recommended by those in whom you have perfect confidence or unless you want to very much indeed. Do not encourage long engagements. It is better to get weary of each other at your leisure after marriage than to do it beforehand. Courtship, however, is a most delightful industry and should not be rashly broken in upon by marriage. Some people seem to be admirably fitted for suitors, but fail in other occupations. This is very fortunate indeed. No suitor can be sure of a permanent situation. The supply greatly exceeds the demand.

JOKES BY COLLEGE MEN.

Some of Them Are Handed Down From Generation to Generation.

[illegible] of the jeux d'esprit which time and the absence of their own sustaining atmosphere have not wholly desiccated, says William Mathews in the Saturday Evening Post, as, for example, the reply of a senior, whose class was studying mental philosophy, when asked, "Does an effect ever go before a cause?" "Yes, sir; sometimes." "Give an example." "A man wheeling a barrow." That student would certainly have distinguished himself at special pleading if he had become a lawyer who, when asked by his professor one Monday morning if he had attended church the day before, replied, "Yes, sir; I attended the First church," and to the question, "Are you not aware, sir, that there was no service at the First church yesterday?" replied, "I meant, professor, the first church I came to."

We doubt if Tom Hood or Horace Smith, quick witted as they were, could have made a happier reply than that made by a wit at Waterville college (now Colby) of the class of '56 to Professor Martin B. Anderson, afterward the famed president of Rochester university. One morning he read to the class one a sparkling essay, and the professor, knowing or suspecting it to have been cribbed from some public print, asked as the reader sat down, "Is that essay original, Mr. Jones?" "Why, yes, sir," said Jones with imperturbable coolness and that pastelessness of look which he always wore; [illegible] had 'original' over it in the newspaper I took it from."

[illegible]

It was a [illegible] student who many years ago had the courage at the sudden apparition of Professor B. at a bonfire which the youth with other students had kindled in the college [illegible] to stand and confront him when, as in the case of Casabianca on the burning deck, "all but him had fled." "I am surprised, Thomson, to find you in such company!" exclaimed the professor. "I see nobody here but you and me, professor," was the reply.

The Woman and the Window.

Why is it, asks an exchange, that a woman can struggle until she is red in the face and worn out both in temper and body by a window in a railroad train in her vain endeavors to close or open it when all that a man has to do is to walk up and go over exactly the same line of action that she has already exhausted, and down comes the refractory window in a jiffy? It is a most humiliating fact, but a very true one, nevertheless, that not five women out of a dozen ever succeed in arranging a window to their satisfaction. They pull and tug until they are embarrassed and finally in a pleading manner look around at some slip of a man, who without any nonsense brings about the desired effect, while the woman looks on in silent wonder at his marvelous skill and dexterity.

The Lord's Intermediary.

Along with the snug little fortune that Deacon Jones had accumulated as the leading grocer of Gooseville Cove, his bump of self esteem, which was originally fairly large, had increased proportionately, until, as the richest man in the Cove, he felt himself entitled to considerable deference—its patron saint, in fact. When one day good old Parson Abbeck went to him for a subscription to home missions—which he got—he remarked, "Deacon, I cannot help noticing that your fellow citizens seem to hold you in high esteem."

"Waal, yis," replied the deacon complacently, "guess that's 'bout so. The Covers do look up to me, parson, that's a fact; and I—well, I look up to God!"—New York Times.

A Remarkable Banquet Party.

One of the most notorious Hungarian duelists fought his thirty-fifth duel in 1886 and celebrated the event by a banquet, to which only those who could prove that they had participated in at least six duels were invited. There was a room full of such warriors, some with faces seamed with scars, others minus an ear, an eye or with two or three fingers missing. The most marked of all was a Frenchman who had lost his nose in an encounter with Count Andrassy, the statesman. There was only one relaxation of the rule, and that was made in favor of a lady who had killed her man.

Diplomacy.

"Nebber ax a man to lend you 25 cents," said Uncle Eben. "Ax 'im fob $5 jes' to make 'im think dat you regards 'im as a capitalist, an' mebbe he'll be ashamed to back down."—Washington Star.

The Results Unpleasant.

Wigg—I always like to hear a man say what he thinks.

Wagg—But the people who always say what they think generally think such disagreeable things.—Philadelphia Record.

Pleased at It.

"The fools are not all dead yet," said the angry husband.

"I'm glad of it, dear," calmly replied the other half of the combination. "I never did look well in black."—Chicago News.

THE PASSING OF A PRINCESS

BY PHIL M. CONGER

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I came across her one night when I was slumming. No, I was not exactly slumming. As a journalist the dives and dens of the tenement district had been familiar to me for years. It was on one of my tours, for now and then when too well satisfied with life I take a trip amid crime and degradation and poverty as an offset.

I found her in a little room on the top story of a tenement, the Princess. It was a winter's night, and the fire was out for want of fuel, the cupboard empty for want of money and the girl and her grandmother huddled up to each other on an old straw mattress to keep warm. On the floor below them a woman had said:

"Thanks, sir, and God bless you, but if you have a penny more to give look in on the old woman and girl upstairs. I know they haven't had a fire or a mouthful of food for two days."

It wasn't good manners to walk in on the pair without knocking, and with a lighted candle in my hand in addition, but that was the way I entered. They were both awake. The girl fastened her big blue eyes on me and uttered no word while I deposited the packages and lighted a fire in the old stove. When I had taken a seat on the corner of the rickety old table, she quietly observed:

"I hope the gentleman will excuse me."

"The gentleman will do so," I replied.

[illegible]

[illegible] the two of us [illegible] tale of want [illegible] told. There was [illegible] the field, no criticism [illegible] larger, not one single complaint that they were there in poverty's clutch. Grandma was a woman of seventy. She had a soft, gentle face and the dignity of old age. It was hard to connect her with poverty, although one saw the wolf of starvation sniffing at the door. The girl was not over ten, but she had the face of one double that age. Her clothes were ragged, but clean; her hands had been used to toil, but they were shapely and clear of dirt. Her face wore a smile, and yet there was dignity behind it. No blessings were showered upon my head, no exultation. If I was a benefactor, I was also a guest.

"I thought some one would come," said the girl as we stood around the table, with its miserable showing of crockery.

"And why did you think so?" I asked.

"Because I shall be a princess some day."

"And how will that come about?"

In quiet tones and with an earnestness which made me wonder she told me that over and over again she had dreamed that she was a princess. The idea had become firmly fixed in her mind, and, even had I cared to combat it, arguments would have been useless. She had read story books, too; she had read of princes and princesses and knights and chevaliers, and to dispel her illusions would have been almost wicked. I called her Princess in a spirit of levity. She accepted the title with such dignity that I bestowed it upon her in earnest. Grandma's mind was not in its second childhood, yet she had fully accepted the situation—that is, she firmly believed that it would come to pass some day that her granddaughter would wear the purple and ride behind proud stepping horses. I encouraged her to think so, and I encouraged the Princess. This was deceit on my part, but God help those men and women and children of the tenements who sit in cold, darkness and hunger and have no visions to keep back their wails or curses.

Old as she was granny had a little work now and then, and young as she was the Princess earned a few shillings per week. I should have been glad to do more for them, for I had become knight to a princess, but they drew a fine and entered a protest. To go beyond that line was to hurt their feelings and offend their dignity.

Sometimes in my knocking about I found the Princess on the street, and I had no cause to wonder that the half drunken women and rude boys treated her with respect. It had somehow got about the street that she was a real princess who would come into her own some day, and she must be treated different from the other girls. There were weeks and weeks at a time when the faith of the Princess in her future would not let a doubt creep in. Then there would come a blue day, and after sitting with her chin on her hands for a long hour while I talked with grandma she would earnestly inquire:

"Do you think I shall ever be a real princess? Won't some other girl get the place ahead of me before I am old enough?"

Then I would look around at the evidence of poverty, I would feel the pinching, the grinding, the bitterness hemming her in, and I would reply with deceit on my tongue. I would encourage her to keep fast hold of her illusions, to drive any menacing doubt away. She believed in me and was the happier for it, and it was also worth the sin to receive the grateful looks of the poor old woman whose span of life was almost closed. When I had restored her courage, the Princess would tell me of her plans [illegible] come into her own. There was never a plan that did not [illegible] betterment of humanity. There would be no enemies to punish, no laws to oppress, no charity to hurt the sensitive. The multimillionaire who would carry out that girl's plans would be adored by all men and blessed by thousands.

Our friendship lasted a year and its end was both sudden and tragical. As she attempted to cross the street one day the Princess was knocked down and run over by a heavy vehicle. A dozen people rushed to pick her up, but each and every one of them realized at first glance that her end had come. She was broken and crushed, but not unconscious. They wondered that she did not scream out in her pain, and when the ambulance surgeon spoke in admiration of her pluck she quietly replied:

"Sir, I shall be a princess some day, and a princess never cries in public."

They took her to the hospital, and the doctors did not need two minutes to satisfy themselves that she had only a few hours to live. They expressed confidence because she was a child, but words of sympathy brought no tears to her eyes nor groans to her lips.

"Is it bad?" she quietly asked of the nurse after the doctors had withdrawn.

"Very bad," was the reply as a soft hand was laid upon her forehead.

"If—if it's too bad, then I won't never get to be a princess, will I?"

"Poor child!"

"It's years and years," said the girl as her lips trembled a bit, "since me and granny [illegible] I was to be a princess [illegible] and then we'd live in a palace [illegible] everything we wanted. If I'm hurt too bad to ever be a princess what'll granny do?"

[illegible] God, and it had made her reverent [illegible] by seen. Half an hour before death came the delirium passed. Then she looked at the nurse with her big blue eyes and asked:

"Is it bad—very bad?"

"You may never get well," replied the nurse, with a sob.

There was a long silence. The gates of pearl must have been opening when the Princess asked:

"Will—will I ever be a princess?"

"Yes, dear—up there among the angels you shall come into your kingdom."

The nurse went back to the window and leaned her elbows on the sill and sobbed as if the life of a sister was departing. When she turned, the little face was growing white and the eyes had closed.

And so the knight of the Princess sits with poor old granny and talks of that which was and tries in vain to offer comfort.

The Elephant's Sense.

Why an elephant should be afraid of a mouse is a mystery. Some have doubted the generosity of the elephant because of his aversion to small animals, but none can doubt his intelligence. Buffon, notwithstanding his idea of the mere mechanism of animals, spoke of the elephant as at the same time a "miracle of intelligence and a monster of matter." Ernest Menault happily referred to him as the animal that carried his nose in his hand; hence the marvelous intelligence of his trunk. The senses of touch and smell co-operate.

The nerves which extend through his trunk are so numerous that they equal in number all those distributed over the rest of the body. The elephant can keep perfect time to music. He has the ear perfectly organized, and the hearing is extremely fine. The eye of the elephant is distinguished from that of other animals by the pathetic expression of sentiment. Take him all in all, naturalists agree that he is the most intelligent of animals. And why should he be afraid of a mouse?

His Head and His Hat.

It has been said of the southern darky that he has not always a clear idea as to property rights, but on some points it appears that he is not in the least hazy.

An old colored man in the days "befo' de wah" was given one of his master's cast off hats, which he wore with great pride. One Sunday his master met him coming home from a camp meeting in a pouring rain bareheaded and holding his hat under his coat. Later on the master questioned him jocosely:

"Why didn't you wear your hat, Jerry? Did you feel the need of cooling your head?"

"You see, it's like dis, sah," responded Jerry. "My head is yours, but my hat is mine, and nachelly I feels like taking care ob it, sah."—Youth's Companion.

Nature's Glories.

Georgie's aunt was worried because he failed to understand or appreciate anything not strictly practical. Harper's Magazine tells of an experiment she tried to test his esthetic powers.

In her desire to rouse him to a perception of better things she took him to Niagara falls. The train brought them into sudden and magnificent view of the great wonder. She watched him closely as the moment for the test drew near and was delighted to see him press his face to the window and keep it there.

Then he turned to her with beaming countenance and, pointing to a hillside in the background, said, "Say, see them goats!"

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The Novannovotococcus

By P. J. TANSEY

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"THERE'S a fellow 'at can't swear off. He ain't got nothin' to swear off on, don't drink nor smoke nor swear nor fight nor nothin'. He must be a lonesome one today."

So Bill Evans commented to the rest of the gang at Johnson's corner grocery in Jarnesville, and in no low and guarded tone either, as Percy Deery passed. The young man spoken of could not help hearing the remark, and he blushed deeply as he kindly bade his playmates of past years good morning and a happy new year. He was medium sized, blond and boyish, with a budding mustache. He was attired in the height of fashion.

"Goin' callin'?" asked Ike Maddox, with a grin. The young man stopped politely to answer that he was.

"Mam know it?" asked another of the gang.

Conscious of the intention to offend, young Mr. Deery blushed again to the roots of his hair before he answered:

"I have no secrets from my mother, of course."

The corner gang roared, and Jim Smith, the first to recover from the general spasm of merriment, asked the greatly embarrassed Mr. Deery, honor bright now, if he was not going over to Oliver street to call on the Misses Wilson.

The questioned one felt as keenly as any honor jealous knight of old could have felt it that this was an outrageous trespass on forbidden ground, but he remembered his mother's precepts, and he replied, scorning alike evasion and resentment:

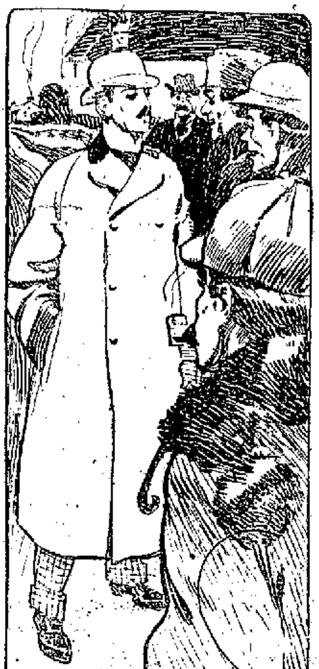
"I am going to call on Miss Mary Wilson."

The laughter had hardly had time to begin again when Bill Evans raised his hand to check it. His face was very grave.

"Look a here, Percy," he said. "We're friends of yours, an' we do guy you once in awhile. Now, don't go to Wilson's today on any account. Your boss has just gone up there in his buggy, an' everybody but you knows he's sweet on Miss Mary. You know Dick Holloway. You ain't been in his dry goods shop a year without knowin' that when he's drinkin' he's a terror for swearin' an' fightin'. An' of course old man Wilson will fill him up. Dick's after Miss Mary, an' he's been drinkin' a little today already, it bein' New Year's. So if he meets you up there he might hurt you, an' he'd surely give you the bounce tomorrow. So don't you go while Dick's there anyhow. See?"

The gang all nodded serious approval.

"William," replied Percy after a moment's hesitation and with tears starting in his eyes, "your intentions may be of the best, and I thank you, but I'm going to Mr. Wilson's." And, with a little bow and a little smile, he left them and continued his walk to Oliver street, the tears now on his cheeks. "Oh, why did I say his intentions 'might' be of the best? Why did I not credit them with being surely the best?" was the burden of his thoughts.



"I AM GOING TO CALL ON MISS MARY WILSON."

The gang discussed him. "That is what comes of havin' a fellow's father die when a fellow's young," said one. "It's a wonder that the cows don't bite him," remarked another. "It was the name he got that made a milksop of him," thought a third. "How could anybody amount to anything with such a Willie boy name as Percy Deery?"

"Never youse mind," remarked Bill Evans. "There's somethin' in that duck if it could be only got out. I say any chap that ain't a-scared to let on that mommer bosses him is all right. If that feller could only git a few bad habits now, he'd be all right. He'd come out strong. Better get under the awnin', fellers. Here comes the snow."

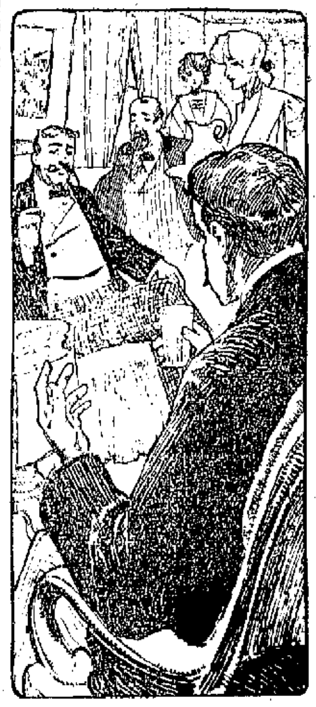
Down came the snow, causing Percy Deery to turn up the collar of his new overcoat and turn his steps into a path across lots to make the way shorter to Oliver street.

He rang the bell of Mr. Wilson's door, entered and paid his respects and the season's compliments to mother, father, the two daughters and to Mr. Holloway. They were all glad to see him except Holloway.

Poor Mary! She liked Percy, almost loved him, but she dreaded to compare [illegible] with the bluff and rough [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a little the worse for liquor. He was [illegible] years old, brawny, [illegible] red, red mustached and well dressed.

"Did you look in at the store coming up to see if everything was all right, [illegible]?" asked Dick of him as soon as there was a lull in the conversation.

"I did not, sir," replied Percy, glowing red in his consciousness of the vulgar display of authority in the question.



"VERY PROPER; LEMONADE FOR BOYS."

"Well, if you're passing that way in half an hour you might see if the fire's all right. Come, Mary, play me something on the piano."

The younger man turned white. He began to tremble.

"Let us first offer Mr. Deery a glass of lemonade," she said, advancing with it and trembling also and as white as was he.

"Very proper; lemonade for boys. Hard stuff for you and me, eh?" chuckled Holloway, nudging Mr. Wilson, who was poor enough to stand the fellow's insolence just because of occasional addiction to the cup.

Mr. Wilson laughed a little uneasy laugh and Holloway roared.

Mary felt herself shrink under the insult. Percy took the glass and, turning full to his employer, said, glaring at him:

"Yes, lemonade is for boys and men!"

What was the matter with that New Year's milksop?

Even politeness could not prevent the pause and the silence. Could it be possible?

"Perhaps he'll take a smoke, though," sneered Dick, bent on making Percy ridiculous. "Offer him the box, Mr. Wilson."

Percy took a cigar. He held it in his left hand while he sipped his lemonade and chatted with courteous Mrs. Wilson. He began to grow brilliant and bold. Mary's eyes brightened. She was getting proud of him. Presently Mr. Wilson said something about politics to Holloway, and they differed. Holloway grew loud in his disputation. Turning suddenly to him, Percy said:

"Mr. Holloway, stop! You are quite mistaken."

Even Dick was silent in his astonishment. Mary grew fairly radiant.

"Will you have just a little wine, Mr. Deery?" asked Mr. Wilson, rising with a new and joyous inspiration. There might be good stuff in this chap, after all, according to his views of good stuff.

"From Mary's father I will not refuse to take it," was the astounding reply.

Tears stood in Mary's eyes. She had been so proud of his sudden show of spirit, but now he was going too far. She shook her head at him secretly. It was enough. As Mr. Wilson poured out the wine for him he arose, took her hand and, raising the glass, declared that he was about to propose a toast.

"To the girl I love, Miss Mary!" he cried, and, putting down the wine under the reminder conveyed with pressure of her hand, he took up his lemonade and quickly gulped it down. Mary pressed his hand again in warm approval.

The younger Miss Wilson made a face to her mother which expressed the opinion that Mr. Deery was making a ninny of himself. The younger Miss Wilson, by the way, had no sweetheart.

"That's what I call a down—hic—right insult to Mr. Wilson!" hiccoughed Holloway. "Come, young fellow, I'll drive you downtown. I guess I'd better take you home before you make any more bad breaks." He lighted his cigar as he stood up.

Percy dropped Mary's hand and looked grimly at him. The whole family protested that nothing wrong had occurred, but goodbys and renewed good wishes were said, and Mr. Wilson and his guests went out to the shed where the horse was standing attached to the buggy.

"Mr. Wilson," said Percy, "give me a match, please. I'm going to smoke my first cigar. I'm going to be just a little bit devilish. I'm going to be a man"—

"Pretty near time," sulkily broke in Holloway.

—"a man fit for your daughter, sir, and so I feel called upon to apologize for the rudeness"—

"That's more like it," broke in Dick again.

—"of this fellow's smoking in presence of your wife and daughters, sir," continued Percy, not noticing the interruption. "If it were not for the place you stand in, Holloway," cried he hotly, "I'd punch your face!"

"W[illegible] little!"

[illegible]

"There you are, anyway!"

Both lay unconscious in the light snow.

* * * * * * * *

"Well, this is nothing serious," said old Dr. Morris, examining through a microscope a drop of his patient's blood; "a mild rush of blood to the head, that's all, the effect of novannovotococci in the blood."

"Novan—what is that, doctor?" timidly asked weeping Mary, who stood by the lounge on which Percy still lay unconscious. Dick, with his broken jaw bound in white swathing, was being assisted into his buggy by Mr. Wilson just outside the window, but she had no eyes for him.

"The novannovotococcus," replied the doctor, smiling, "is the bacillus of New Year's vows, as the name implies. Look through the glass. See those squirming creatures? One got into this young man's system somehow this morning, and he made a vow to reform."

"Oh, doctor, he could not. He had no vices. He was an angel until he came to our house today, and then—and then he began to—to—began to improve. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Ah, I see," said the wise doctor. "Now we force this drop of medicine into his mouth, so, and he begins to revive. Good. Now, miss, the peculiarity of the novannovotococcus is that at first and while it is not numerous in the system it inspires to good, but suddenly changes the bent of the person toward the old Adam when its progeny has multiplied sufficiently. You must have seen again and again how good resolutions made on New Year's day lead straight to mischief. So this young man drank a little wine, perhaps?"

"No, doctor, though he was just about to do it, but in all other ways he grew all of a sudden so bad and manly and grand! Now, will this last—this tendency to be a little wicked?"

"Oh, yes; the bad effect always lasts, becomes constitutional, as we say. But it will never turn him to drinking if he has the same antidote constantly with him." And the old doctor's eye twinkled.

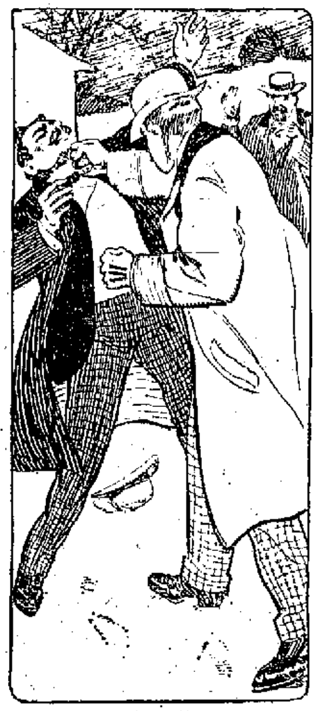
"Thank God!" She raised her clasped hands and looked upward devoutly. Glancing fondly down on Percy Deery, she was abashed to find him looking and smiling up at her.

"I heard you," he said, stretching his arms to her.

She knelt beside the lounge. They whispered, and there was the sound of a kiss. The doctor turned away, with a little cough, and began packing up his medicines and bandages.

"A happy new year, doctor!" cried Mr. Wilson, coming in. "I had not time to say it before. And how's the young man?"

"As you see, father," said Percy, sitting up and reaching out his hand, which Mr. Wilson shook heartily.



THE FIST OF THE YOUNGER MAN CAUGHT HOLLOWAY ON THE JAW.

"I'm proud of you, my son. Come, let's fill up, doctor—on lemonade—and drink a happy new year to the young couple and to us all. Lemonade for me hereafter!"

"And to the novanno—what's his name?" added Mary, with a sly glance at Percy. "I do believe father has got one too."

"The novannovotococcus," said the doctor, raising his glass.

Something Harder.

Auntie (finding Jackie sobbing in a corner)—Why, Jackie, what has happened to make you feel so bad this morning?

Jackie—M-ma m-issed some jelly.

Auntie—Ho, ho! I see. And her suspicions fell on you, eh?

Jackie—No, auntie; it was her slipper.—Boston Courier.

Too Valuable to Lose.

"Reginald," she said to a wealthy young dandy who had been paying his attentions to her, "I would like to ask you one very serious question."

"What is it, my dear?" he replied.

"Would you object to marrying mamma if I refused you? You see, we really don't want to lose you."

Tommy's Trade.

Mother (who had been out for the day)—Tommy, did you take that medicine that I told you to when I was away?

Tommy—No, ma. Willie Jones came in, and he liked it so I exchanged it with him for a sour apple.—Punch.

The largest university in any English speaking country is Harvard, which has 5,576 students.

CHINESE PRINTING

The Compositors [illegible] Old and Dignified and [illegible] Work.

[illegible] instead of each letter, as in English, has a place by itself. There is also a peculiar grouping or classification of symbols into groups to further facilitate the mental labors of the typesetters. Thus, in the immediate vicinity of the symbol for fish would be found the symbols of scales, net, fins, tail, gills. This simplifies the labor, which in any event must be so strenuous that it is evident that the compositor's end of the Chinese newspaper should, if perfect justice ruled, be the highest paid.

The compositor is a staid and dignified individual, and as he slowly walks from symbol to symbol, picking up those which he requires with provoking calmness, the American compositor might well wonder when the work would be completed, and to set up the type required for a small four page daily paper the constant labors of eight or nine skilled Chinamen are required for twelve or thirteen hours, the entire work in every department being the antipodes of the rush and whirl and marvelous celerity of the modern American publication. When the paper is set up, it is printed on an American press, but the type, the symbols, are all made in China.

Greek Story of the First Woman.

The first woman created, according to heathen Greek mythology, was Pandora. She was made of clay by Vulcan, at the request of Jupiter, who wished to punish the impiety of Prometheus by giving him a wife. When this woman of clay had received life, all the gods vied in making her presents. Venus gave her beauty, the Graces gave her the power of captivating, Apollo taught her music, Mercury instructed her in eloquence and Minerva gave her the most splendid ornaments. From these presents received from the gods the woman was called Pandora, which intimates that she had received every necessary gift.

Prometheus was too artful to marry this woman and could not be captivated by her charms, but his brother, Epimetheus, who was not so prudent, married her instead, and upon opening a box which she presented to him there issued from it a multitude of evils, which dispersed themselves over the world and still continue to afflict the human race. Hope only remained at the bottom to assuage the troubles and sorrows of life.

A Mean Insinuation.

The commencement exercises of the high school had passed off with entire success, and at the request of the principal the diplomas had been delivered by Colonel Wye, president of the school board, a worthy but somewhat pompous citizen, to whom nothing had ever happened to shake his high opinion of himself.

At the close of the proceedings the principal, with the praiseworthy purpose of saying something complimentary to his eminent colaborer in the cause of education, took occasion to observe:

"You acquitted yourself finely, colonel. Your remarks were well chosen."

"Well chosen!" echoed the colonel, turning red. "I want you to understand, sir, that those remarks were not 'chosen' at all. Every word I uttered was original, sir!"

Sorosis.

Numerous stories are told of the origin of the women's society called Sorosis. One of the best is that on the occasion of a certain banquet here in honor of a foreign dignitary women were rigorously excluded. They banded together to form a club of their own. Each called herself a "sorry sis," and by extension the name of the organization became Sorosis. It is believed that the word comes from the Latin "soror," a sister. There is a fruit genus called sorosis, but it is not much like a woman. "Sorrow-sis" would be a bad guess. One smart chap believes the word is a contraction of "sorceress," and I am with him.—New York Press.

Fame.

"So Ambishious has achieved fame, has he?" asked the philosopher.

"He has," replied the cheerful chap. "Brilliant things said by other men are now credited to him."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Fresh Daily.

"And do you understand," asked the Sunday school teacher, "why you pray for your 'daily bread?'"

"Oh, yes," replied little Elsie. "That's so we'll be sure to have it fresh."—Philadelphia Press

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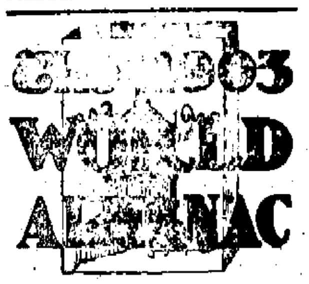

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